

MARCH 13, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*





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J E L L - O

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 7, No. 11



PARIS (Illinois) Post, whose highly encouraging effort in the Legion's \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund campaign is described in this issue, puts into practice an idea that is worth passing on. Every week a member of the post looks over his copy of the Weekly in a search for ideas that might be applied in Paris. If he finds one that looks good, he conducts a personal investigation to see whether it can be applied locally. If it can, and if it is worth applying, Paris Post gets into action. After reading the February 13th Weekly, for instance, the post investigator made inquiries about the practicability of adopting the plan outlined on the editorial page of providing safe-deposit boxes for adjusted compensation certificates.

* * *

E. J. BRUCHER of Hudson, Iowa, who is commander of Gibson-Mueller Post and assistant cashier of the Hudson Savings Bank, has a good suggestion to offer regarding this same safe-deposit plan. "In addition to posts arranging with local banks to extend this service (we offer it free of charge), a record should be made of the names and addresses of the beneficiaries under each certificate," he writes. "If one of the boys leaves suddenly without instructions as to who is to get the compensation, the information can quickly be obtained from this local record, and time saved and action expedited without first having to write to Washington and wait for a reply. I believe this plan should be adopted by all posts. It is a very small task for banks to offer such a service and they should not only benefit by it in a business way, but it gains for them the good will of service men. We are using the plan and started it as soon as the certificates began to be received. We issue a receipt giving name, number of certificate, amount, due date, and name and address of beneficiary. The man gets the original of this receipt and we file the duplicate with the certificate. Later we make an auxiliary record list of all this information."

* * *

THE first report in the investigation of the origin of the word buddy comes from George S. Flory of Pawnee City, Nebraska, who writes: "Thirty years ago I was for some time in the southeast Kansas mining region. Prospecting was done largely in pairs. Two men would be engaged in sinking a shaft—it was shallow mineral ground—and these two always called each other buddy. A common greet-

ing among miners was 'Hello, buddy.' The origin of the term, however, must be given by a better miner than I am." Come on, then, you better miners.

* * *

MORE about buddy. "I can give the following evidence to uphold Mr. Nugent's theory as reported in the Weekly for February 20th," writes C. E. Irvine of Gary, West Virginia, a member of McDowell County Post of the Legion at Welch. "I am a native of Randolph County, West Virginia, and the words butty and buddy are in common use there, and have been always used to indicate a friend or companion. The mountaineers, many of whom trace their family trees back to the noblemen of England, used the terms more before the war than anyone I know of, and it is generally butty. These people know little besides their own mountains, and outsiders are quite often called 'foreigners,' just as John Fox has related. They still use many of the old English terms and tell many of the old folk tales common in England. So I think you will find Mr. Nugent's derivation of the word buddy correct."

* * *

ONE more entry in the sweet potato - yam sweepstakes. It's from A. B. Bernd of Macon, Georgia, who, being sworn, deposes as follows: "All this discussion about the relative merits of Arkansas and Carolina sweet potatoes is essentially ridiculous. However, we in Georgia, secure in the superiority of our

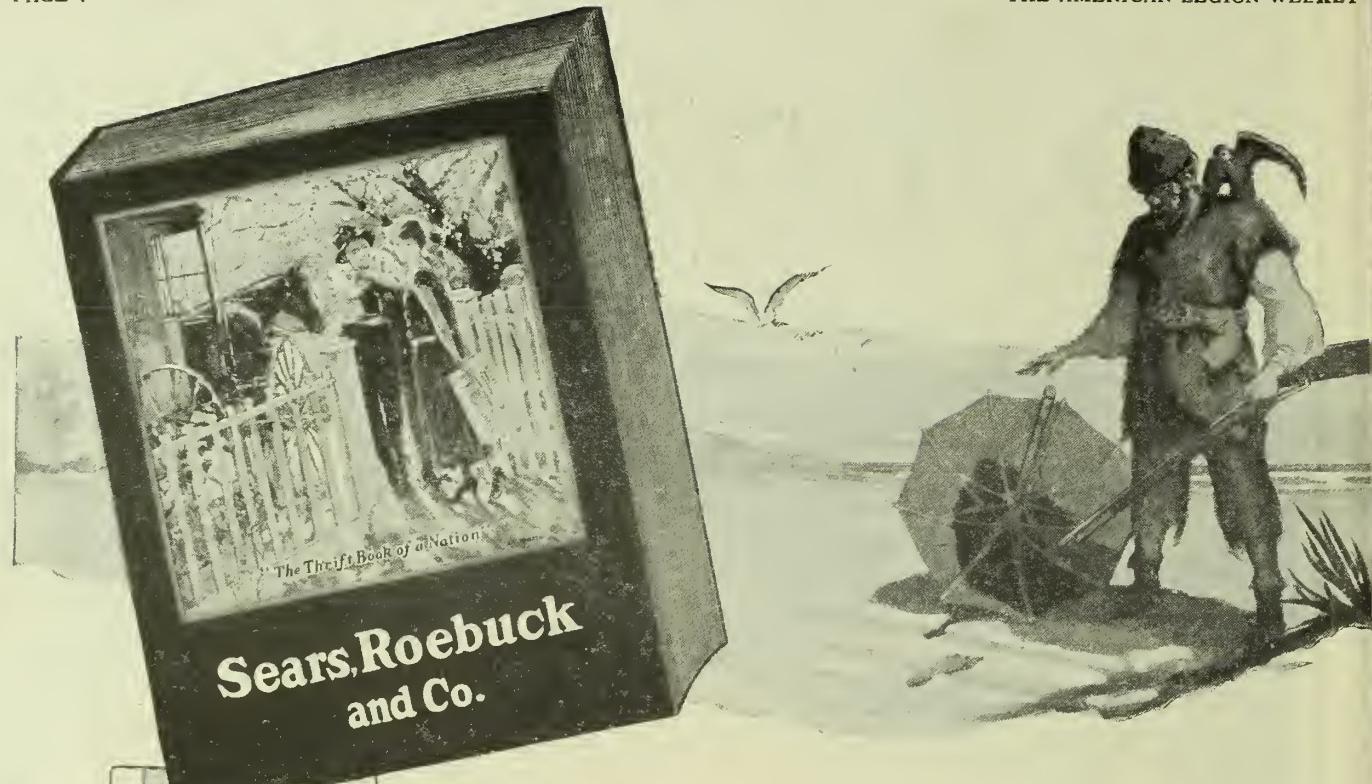
own farinaceous product, are willing to smile and let the rest of the world rave. Of course no other State has had its yams (in the United States—that is, Georgia—the terms are synonymous) celebrated in song; as witness: 'How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound! How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found! How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground! While we were, etc.' It is not permitted to print the rest of the song in Georgia. Oh, we Southerners stick together—in everything except the relative excellence of our sweet potatoes."

* * *

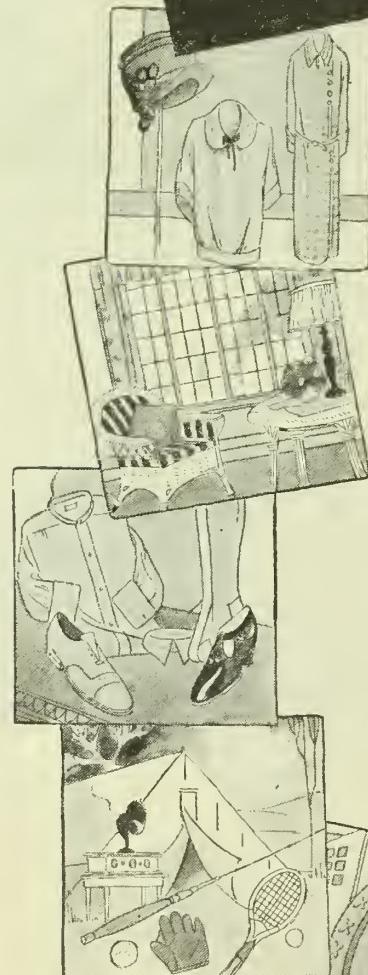
In reporting a change of address to the Weekly, please give the *old* address as well as the *new*. Thank you. By the way, don't be discouraged because this copy appears on Friday, the 13th. Just look at the volume and issue number.

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This is the exact moment of victory in the Battle of Paris, Illinois, the first notable engagement in The American Legion's national campaign to raise a \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund for the disabled and the orphans of veterans. Post Commander U. R. Colson (the man with his coat off), surrounded by leaders of the campaign teams, has just added up cash and pledges totaling \$1,400, the town's quota—and the money is still coming in.

"We Only Did What Every Post Is Going to Do"

THE American Legion post in Paris, Illinois, is not going to have a clubhouse of its own for several years yet.

That's the way it looks now.

Up until a month or so ago, things were different. Everybody in Paris Post and its Auxiliary unit then was dreaming of the Legion clubhouse and community center which would be built this year—if not this year, next year at the latest.

Paris Post had been raising money for this clubhouse for several years. Twice it had staged musical comedies, with all the rôles played by Legionnaires and Auxiliary members, and the box office receipts had been made the nucleus of the clubhouse fund. There had been other money-making efforts also—dinners and dances, for the most part—so the clubhouse fund had risen well above the thousand dollar mark when 1925 opened. The fund was big enough, in fact, to justify the Post's hope that it could at any moment undertake a community campaign which

By PHILIP
VON BLON

would produce enough more money to make the clubhouse dream a reality.

But they are not talking about clubhouse plans in Paris now. The post is still meeting in the armory each week, and it looks as though it would keep on meeting in the armory for several more years at least. And everybody is more than satisfied that things are as they are.

For Paris Post of The American Legion sacrificed its plans for its own comfort on the altar of the Legion's holiest national cause, the welfare of the disabled service man and the war orphan. It voted unselfishly to postpone its clubhouse campaign, and forthwith it worked for three days and raised \$1,455.25, which it gave as its town's contribution to The American Legion Endowment Fund for the dis-

abled and the orphans of veterans.

It did this at a time when the rest of the country was just finding out about the Legion's national campaign for the \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund. It went ahead and raised its town's quota before any organized effort had been made in its State. And in so doing, it won the honor of being the first sizable Legion post in the United States to raise its community quota.

What Paris Post did is of mighty interest to the whole Legion at this time, when the work of preparing to raise the rest of the \$5,000,000 the Legion is seeking is under way throughout the country. For there are thousands of Parises in the United States—towns and cities in which the Legion spirit is just as steadfast as it is in Paris, Illinois. And what Paris Post did, thousands of other posts are about to do. So the main theme of this article is going to be how Paris did it. The methods used by Paris Post in raising its own fund may not be useful in their entirety to all othe-

posts, but they may be to some. And any post can profitably study how Paris did it—for a single idea gained from Paris's experience may be just the idea needed to insure success elsewhere. That this is so is testified by U. Rae Colson, commander of Paris Post. He says:

"Had we known when we started our campaign what we know now, we would have raised our entire quota in a single day." And he adds:

"The way of doing it isn't so important—just so it is done and done right. We raised our quota. But we only did what every other post is going to do."

Before getting down to the main subject of how Paris Post did it, there must be told some preliminary facts.

National Commander Drain issued a message on the Endowment campaign to all Legionnaires early in February.

"We shall go through and reach every objective!" Commander Drain declared in this message.

Those words set fire to the spirit of the Legion in Paris, Illinois.

A few days later Commander Drain went to Chicago to attend a luncheon with the most prominent men and women in Illinois, in and out of the Legion. This luncheon had been arranged for the purpose of giving those who attended it the spirit of the Legion's Endowment campaign. Charles G. Dawes, then Vice-President-elect of the United States, was to be one of the speakers. Commander Drain was to be the other. As Commander Drain sat down to this luncheon he was handed this telegram—a communiqué from Paris Post, the first of a thousand like it yet to come:

"Paris Post Number 211, located at Paris, Illinois, the Paris of America with every Legionnaire and member of Auxiliary subscribing, together with the citizens of the town, went over the top at seven fifteen ton-

ight with its quota for The American Legion Endowment Fund. It has done this without the barrage of advertising that is to follow throughout the country in the way of posters, newspapers, etc. We so admired the spirit of our National Commander that we have gone ahead and reached our objective, and we trust this will be an inspiration to all the rest of the posts in the United States. The appeal of

this cause is irresistible and a certified check awaits you."

This message was an immediate inspiration to those volunteering to take the lead in raising the Illinois state quota of \$650,000 for the Endowment Fund. A few moments after it had been read at the luncheon one of the leading citizens of the State was named

\$50,000 at a post meeting in one of Chicago's suburbs which is the home of many wealthy business and professional men of the metropolis.

Paris, however, is not a town of wealth. It is like thousands of other towns which are the center of farming communities. The prosperity of its seven thousand inhabitants is dependent on the prosperity of the farmers round-about the town. And the farmers of that section of Illinois—close to the Indiana border and midway between the north and south boundaries of the State—have made practically no money for the last four years.

If you ask the merchants of Paris how business has been you won't get many enthusiastic answers. Marking time and waiting for things to pick up is expressive of the general feeling.

In spite of this condition, Paris Post found that obtaining contributions for The American Legion Endowment Fund was the easiest task it had ever tried. It might have been hard, had the post not correctly understood its own town—but Important Fact No. 1 is that Paris Post did understand its home town. It knew what it might justly expect its town to do when confronted by the appeal and the opportunity the Endowment Fund represents. So Paris Post was right from the start and it kept right all the way through.

It started right, as is usual and proper, at a post meeting. This was on February 4th. The post voted to go ahead with the campaign for contributions to the Endowment Fund. Post Commander Colson found himself the general in command of an army which was raring to go. Parenthetically, Colson is the kind of man who was born for Legion command. The head of an advertising supplies manufacturing business, one of the town's leading industries, he has dozens of other communities into which he puts his enthusiastic energy. The post drafted him for commander while he was on a trip to Europe. Just as an idea of how he works—he recently helped the town get a \$250,000 hotel, with 150 citizens as stockholders, a surprisingly good hotel for a town of seven thousand; he is chairman of the committee in charge of the construc-

Hints from Paris

All of these suggestions may not be applicable in your town. Some of them will be. They all helped in Paris.

1. Sell yourself on the Endowment Fund before you try to sell anyone else. Learn all the facts and get that self-hypnotic red-hot enthusiasm which you must have if you wish to get others interested enough to contribute.
2. Have courage and confidence in the Legion's cause. It is perfect. The arguments for raising this national trust fund are unanswerable. Remember always that every American in his heart must applaud the purpose of the fund. You give a man an opportunity and privilege when you ask him to contribute.
3. Every post member and Auxiliary member should be on the honor roll of contributors before it is closed for your town. Example is far better than precept.
4. Don't scatter responsibility. Put your campaign on a businesslike basis, with a directing head, committees assigned to attend to all important details, picked men for the actual work of solicitation, and a proper system of receiving, acknowledging and recording publicly all contributions.
5. Make a list of all possible contributors, classified by their occupations, estimating a fair amount for each to give. Assign each prospect to the solicitor who can approach him best.
6. Adapt your arguments to each individual. Determine a point of approach for each and stick to it.
7. Answer all questions before they are asked. But don't say too much—stick to the essentials.
8. Make arguments constructive—don't knock the Government.
9. Use the telephone to save footwork, or to supplement it.
10. If you think your town's quota is staggeringly large, find out how much its citizens paid for automobile licenses this year.

AND

as chairman of the Illinois campaign. He was Charles W. Folds, of Chicago, the man who in 1917 and 1918 was the head of the Liberty Loan campaigns in Illinois. U. Rae Colson, Commander of Paris Post, was named one of the three vice-chairmen for the State. And the spirit of Paris had become the spirit of Illinois—a spirit that was to express itself in striking ways, such as several days later the pledging of

tries, he has community interests into which he puts his enthusiastic energy. The post drafted him for commander while he was on a trip to Europe. Just as an idea of how he works—he recently helped the town get a \$250,000 hotel, with 150 citizens as stockholders, a surprisingly good hotel for a town of seven thousand; he is chairman of the committee in charge of the construc-



tion of a new clubhouse for the Elks, and he is a leader in a project to maintain a community nursing system. His own business is on a profit-sharing basis, with most of its employees as stockholders. Every Legion post has Legionnaires like Colson, and those which make commanders of their Colsons are the ones that get things done. You have to know about Colson to understand Paris Post fully.

Colson's first step for the endowment campaign was to organize a general staff—twenty-one team captains to lead in the work of soliciting contributions and to make important decisions if any big problems were run into. He chose Joseph Morrissey, as chairman of the team captains—for remember, Colson was also running a business while the campaign was on, and he needed somebody to pinch-hit when he was at his office desk. The team captains represented men in almost every occupation. Chuck (nobody calls him Charles) Black is the manager of a wholesale grocery. Edward Coady is an officer of a trust company. Carl McKinney is from the car works. Fred Snyder is the manager of the Paris telephone company. Bud Smith operates a restaurant. Tim Sellars is an attorney. Chester Safford is an optician. And so on, down the list of the twenty-one—a cross section of the town's citizenship.

This general staff, board of strategy or whatever you wish to call it, talked over innumerable ways of obtaining money easily and quickly. The post could have given a show or a series of shows—it had learned how to do that effectively from both the artistic and the box-office viewpoint. It could have tried establishing a series of collection booths at strategic centers in the city, to haul everybody in to get signed up—that plan has been successful often

Just the same kind of an outfit you'll find doing the hard work in any town which has a post of The American Legion—a part of the money-raising detail of Paris (Illinois) Post starting out to raise its quota for the \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund. They collected their town's quota in three days. And they could have done it in one day, they say, had they known when they started what they knew at the finish

elsewhere. It could have used the tag-day system, labeling every contributor until there were no more pedestrians left to label. It could have conducted a pernicious newspaper campaign for a week, with a grand wind-up in which all contributions would be published in the newspapers—and this plan has many recommendations.

But the Paris campaign committee knew its town, and it didn't anticipate it would have any difficulty at all in raising the \$1,455.25 which it figured its town ought to raise on the basis of its population. It, therefore, set as its main problem the task of seeing every possible contributor personally, giving him an adequate explanation of the Legion's Endowment Fund and securing from him a fair contribution—a contribution that he could afford to give and one which would leave the giver a sense of satisfaction at having a part in the most noteworthy cause which has ever been presented to the American people.

In other words, Paris Post decided to use the personal interview plan of raising its quota, to rely principally on the underlying worthiness of the appeal itself. The people of Paris could be counted upon, the post felt.

But even this plan is not so simple as it may sound. Not everybody knows how to present even so good a claim as the Legion's in the words which will win both attention and support. So a school of instruction was conducted by Commander Colson. The twenty-one team captains carefully reviewed the work the Legion is doing for the thirty thousand disabled men in hospitals and the unnumbered thousands of those outside hospitals, including the helpless ones out of sight in their own homes who would be forgotten if the Legion were not mindful

(Continued on page 23)



Commander Colson (left) tells Ray Spicer, owner of the Independent Oil Company's filling station, what the Legion is doing for the disabled and orphans. Result—\$50. Mr. Spicer seems to be registering satisfaction

The Times.

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HANNA M'KINLEY'S CHOICE

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fingency.

The Greatest Quarter Century in History

By NATHANIEL
PEFFER

IN THE first of two articles summing up the quarter century from 1900 to 1925, published in the March 6th Weekly, I outlined the consequences of the World War and the political and social changes incident to the march of time. In the present article I shall take up those changes that strike the individual man more directly and dramatically—those produced by inventions and scientific discoveries. I shall also discuss briefly the contrast between 1900 and 1925 in the economic and artistic worlds.

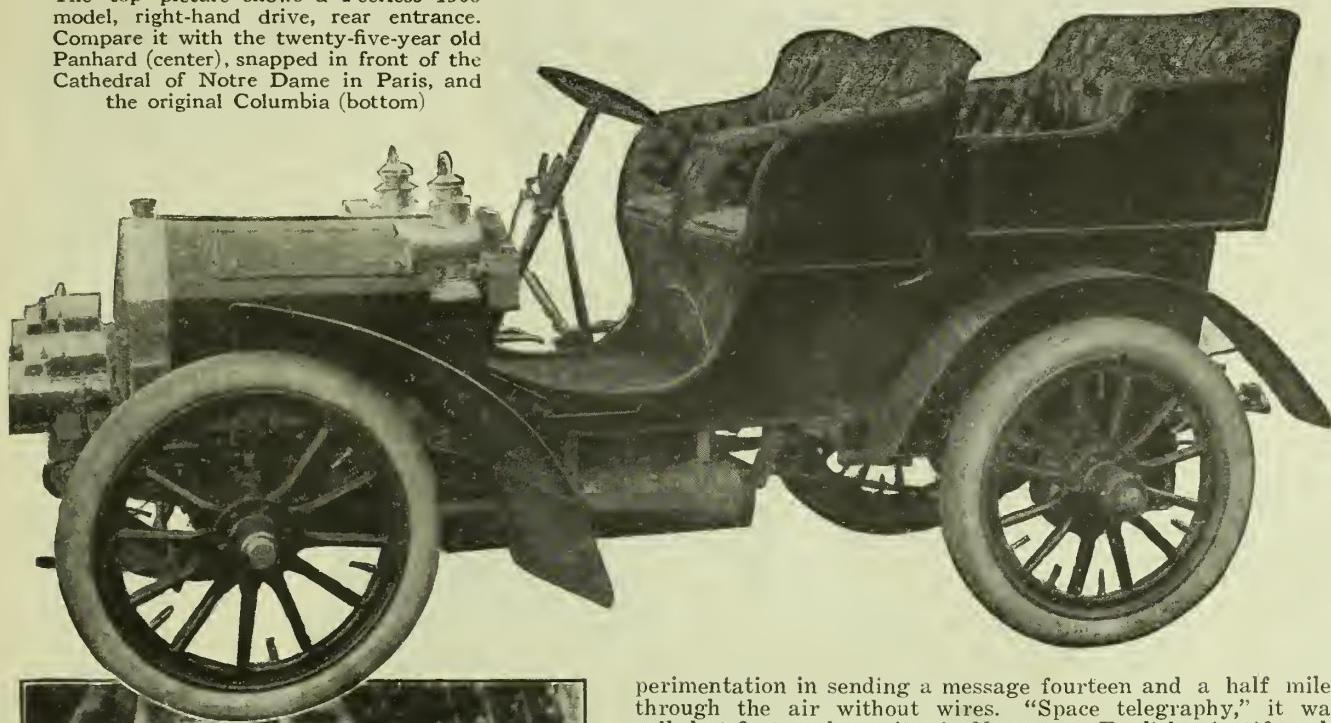
The airplane, wireless and moving picture—one has only to mention them. They are the coming true of the dreams of men through all time and open up possibilities still undreamed of.

It was on December 17, 1903, that Wilbur and Orville Wright made the first motor-propelled air flight in a heavier-than-air apparatus. History had been made—but it was not recorded the next day. The first mention of the new invention in the New York Times, for instance, did not come until December 26th, nine days later, when the above account of the "North Carolina box kite machine" was published. To the correspondent the Wrights were so unimportant their names were not given.

"You can't do that any more than you can fly," our fathers used to say. Well, now we can fly. Nor do we think there is anything unusual in it. A plane soars aloft over a crowded city and scarcely a head is bent back to watch it. Letters are sent by air across the American continent in thirty-six hours in a daily service, and somewhere in the back pages of the papers among the financial tables there is a two-line post office notice of the time of arrival. You fly from capital to capital across Europe in a passenger plane, reserving your seat for a day's run as you do a sleeper, and for not much more. And only a few months ago three American planes made a tour around the world entirely in the air. It's all rather dazzling.

This is 1925. And in 1900 in a few isolated places in the world individuals were the butt of ridicule as they tinkered in sheds with something they said would be able to take them up in the air and stay up, something heavier than air and more reliable than the balloons which had long been experimented with. Among these individuals were two brothers of the name of Wright in Dayton, Ohio. In 1903 they took that something up with them and it did stay up. Eleven years later men were fighting in such machines in the clouds a mile above the earth. Eleven years after that they are traveling about in them with passengers. And eleven years from now? Big

When the automobile was a youngster. The top picture shows a Peerless 1903 model, right-hand drive, rear entrance. Compare it with the twenty-five-year old Panhard (center), snapped in front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, and the original Columbia (bottom)



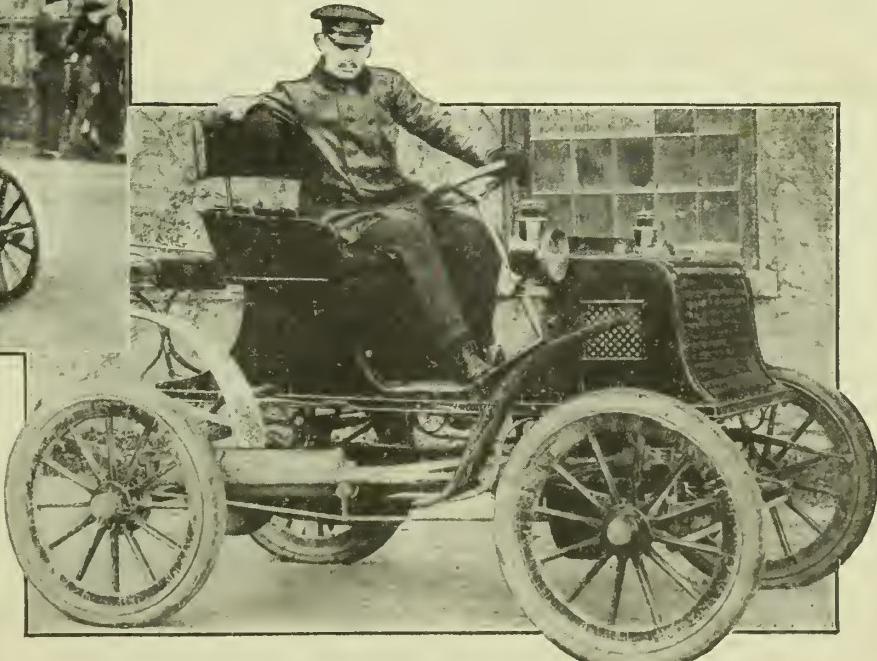
dirigibles may be competing with trans-oceanic liners and parlor car planes with the Twentieth Century Limiteds. That the air will be one of the main channels of transportation of the future is fairly certain. That the air will be the decisive battleground in wars is nearly as certain.

Two years before the close of the nineteenth century the world received incredulously and even skeptically the news that Marconi, the Italian scientist, had succeeded after years of ex-

perimentation in sending a message fourteen and a half miles through the air without wires. "Space telegraphy," it was called at first, and a writer in *Nature*, an English scientific publication, wrote patronizingly that space telegraphy could be expected to replace metallic circuit systems—telegraphing over wires—only under conditions in which metallic circuits were impracticable. Then he noted that as wires had even been run across the Andes there was not much future for space telegraphy.

By 1901, however, Marconi had succeeded in sending a wireless message from Cornwall, England, to the Isle of Wight, a distance of two hundred miles, and the same year made his famous experiment in which he succeeded in getting signals across the ocean. In the meantime scientists all over the world were working on improvements in sending and receiving apparatus. By 1905 a few ships had already been equipped with wireless instruments, and in 1907 the first wireless press dispatches were sent across the Atlantic.

The first conclusive demonstration of the value of wireless was given in 1909, when the two ships *Republic* and *Florida* collided at sea and wireless calls resulted in the rescue of all on board both. This led to the more rapid installation of wireless



sets on all ships. In 1912 there were, for instance, 485 American ships equipped with wireless instruments, in 1924 there were 2,723. In 1912 there were 123 land stations, in 1924 there were 790.

Most of the important countries of the world are connected by wireless communication. The wireless gave the world the first notification of the Japanese earthquake. It brought to Argentina, 6,000 miles away, the description of how its hero, Mr. Firpo, knocked through the ropes Mr. Dempsey of the U. S. A.—and then was counted out under Dempsey's barrage. Over the wireless in 1922, to and from America alone, went 23,000,000 words.

Wireless telephones were the next logical step. In the first few years experiments were discouraging, but in 1915 Bell Telephone Company engineers succeeded in sending the spoken word across two oceans. During the war little direct progress was made, but after the war there were advances in rapid strides. With the perfection of the amplifier in 1920 there was no further obstacle to the beginning of broadcasting, and subsequent developments have come with dizzying speed, first in this country and now all over the world.

Meantime, the telephone's range had been extended. In 1915, after several years' effort, engineers of the Bell companies were able to arrange demonstrations of telephone conversations between people in New York and San Francisco. The eastern audience on several subsequent occasions was treated to the noise of the surf breaking on the rocks near the famous Cliff House.

More persons are served by the radio in the United States in 1925 than were served by the telephone in 1900. The daily radio audience is estimated at 20,000,000. There are more than five hundred broadcasting stations in the United States. An industry has been built up representing sales of \$1,000,000 a day in equipment and supplies. In Great Britain 600,000 sets were in use early in 1924. On the European continent broadcasting has just begun, but it is being taken up with avidity. In South America, Argentina and Chile have a regular radio service. Australia and New Zealand are not far behind the mother country. In Japan a beginning has been made.

What this means in our daily lives was vividly shown in the national conventions last summer. It was shown election night and during the world's series. A new way of participation in national events has been found. You sit by your radiator and hear the President give his inaugural address and leave your office for the cigar store next door and get a baseball game play by play from a diamond a thousand miles distant. The possibilities of radio have only been touched. In the

Middle West universities are beginning to give extension courses over the radio, with classes numbering thousands sitting comfortably in their easy chairs. The entertainment facilities offered by the radio are only of lesser significance. In education it has potentialities that may change life fundamentally.

Twenty-five years ago the readers of these lines were just old enough to

that there had been such things as moving pictures. The first had been publicly shown only in 1896.

Those nickelodeons have now become the principal entertainment of the American people, if not of the world, and the making, distributing and presenting of them represents the third largest industry in this, the principal industrial country of the world. There are 18,000 moving picture theaters in the United States, attended by from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 persons a week. More than 400,000 men and women are employed in producing, distributing or exhibiting moving pictures.

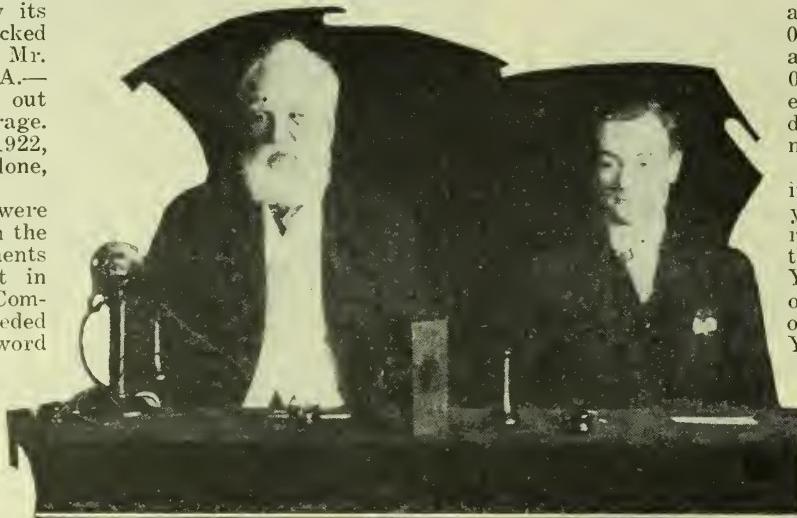
Four days after the inaugural of a President you have the scene enrolled before you two thousand miles away. You watch the prowling of wild beasts in the heart of the African jungle. You see armies going out under fire in another continent. You watch processes of manufacture, the growth of plants, the habits and customs of distant and strange peoples. The moving picture as yet is chiefly a form of entertainment, but it is on its way to becoming also an art and a school.

The best known men in the world today are not kings or generals or prime ministers, but popular movie stars. In a Japanese hamlet, or on a South Sea Island beach Charlie Chaplin is as familiar as in a Texas town.

The automobile is not a product of this century, but its development as one of the most common means of transportation is. Here again the highest development has been in the United States. In 1900 there were something like 11,000 automobiles in the world, of which more than 10,000 were in Europe and less than a thousand in the United States. The largest number was in France. On January 1, 1924, there were 18,000,000 cars in use in the world, of which a little more than 15,000,000 were in the United States. There were about 13,500,000 pleasure cars in this country alone, or about one to every eight persons. Four million cars were produced annually in this country.

The automobile has revolutionized life in the city and still more on the farm. It has made suburbs possible, thus drawing people out of the crowded residential centers and relieving somewhat the housing problem. It has broken into the loneliness of the farmer's life. He can run his car out of the garage and in a few minutes be on his way to the movie, the lodge, the church social or a distant neighbor's. His wife can have companionship. The farmer can bring his products to market and get the supplies he needs without putting in a whole day and cutting into his work on the fields. The Ford must be added to the rake and the hoe as the symbol of

(Continued on page 20)



Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, and John Purroy Mitchel, mayor of New York City, at the New York end of the first transcontinental telephone conversation, January 25, 1915. Both Dr. Bell and Mayor Mitchel are now dead, the latter having been killed in an airplane crash when he was training for his country's service in 1917

get a thrill when parental generosity gave them the wherewithal to go on Saturday afternoons to the nickelodeon, a dark little made-over stall where you saw pictures that not only moved but jumped. They jumped so your eyes smarted when you came out. But you were young and that was part of the thrill. And you were so young you did not know how crude those pictures were—in photography, acting, plot and everything else. Besides, they were new. It was only a few years



Mayor James Rolph, Jr., of San Francisco, at the Pacific end of the formal opening of coast-to-coast telephonic communication

He Went Clear Back *to the* Three R's

By FRANKLIN
S. CLARK

THE 364th Infantry of the 91st Division went over the top in the Argonne jump-off on September 26, 1918. And they had ploughed along for eight days when Heinie sent Charles J. Trainer, buck private in the 91st Machine Gun Company, an ambulance ticket to the back lines. It came in the form of an explosive bullet that hit Trainer in the leg.

A man doesn't like to lose his leg. Trainer, before the war, had always farmed with his father at Livermore, California. He hadn't spent much time at school, because he found being out of doors more interesting than sticking his nose between the pages of a book. It looked to him as though he would be up against it without his leg. And so when the doctors told him there was a possibility of saving it, but only at great risk, he said, "I'll take the gamble."

But as it turned out, he lost it anyway. While he was in hospital at Neufchâteau the Armistice came. And though the leg hadn't been doing any too well the doctors decided Trainer might be able to stand the trip back to the States. But at Brest they told him that his leg must be amputated or he would have no chance at all. "I was pretty sick there for a while," is the way he puts it. "Pretty lucky to pull through, I guess, even without the leg."

He arrived at New York on March 1, 1919, spent some time at the Greenhut Hospital, and then continued his journey to his native State of California. But he wasn't by any means finished with hospitals when he arrived there. He had a long siege to go through at the Camp Fremont Hospital and another at the Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco.

But finally, on March 13, 1920, he received his medical discharge. The vocational experts at the Veterans Bureau looked over Trainer's record and said, "Eighth grade, grammar school—hm—hm."

After talking it over with them Trainer came to the conclusion that he



Lacking a leg, Charles J. Trainer started to study radio after he found he didn't like repairing typewriters. But to be a competent radio operator you have to know spelling and grammar. So Trainer went to school and in three months repaired the defects of a too elementary education. Now he's chief operator on the Pacific Coast steamer Willamette

might find repairing typewriters interesting and profitable work. So he started to learn the game. But—well, he didn't like being cooped up all day. He stuck at it for six months, and then decided he couldn't go it a bit longer.

The country wasn't overrun with radio bugs in those days as it is now. But radio was being talked about a good deal. Trainer became interested in it. That was in the early part of 1921. Then one day the bright idea occurred to him that he might qualify as a radio operator. His vocational advisors consented. The mechanical end of it he got on to in no time, and the code didn't floor him either. In seven months he was ready to become a first-class operator in every respect but one—he didn't know how to typewrite, and he was a little lame on grammar and spelling.

He had got on to the other kinks in the game by studying. He decided he might master the rest of them in the same way. So he took a three-months' course in business college—typewrit-

ing, spelling, grammar. "I didn't set the place on fire, you know, or anything like that," he says, "but I got by all right." In three months he succeeded in picking up enough savvy about spelling, typewriting and grammar so that on March 9, 1922 he received his license as a first-class radio operator.

It happened that about the time he finished his course at the business college the McCormick Steamship Company of San Francisco was looking for a radio operator for the *Willamette*, a coastwise cargo boat.

Trainer was given a job as second operator on the *Willamette*. After he had held it about six months the chief operator got through, and Trainer stepped into his job and has held it ever since. The captain of the *Willamette*, O. C. Orland, is a Spanish war veteran himself, and he says Trainer is all right.

"Of course farming is good stuff," Trainer says now, "when you own your own farm. But I never found it as interesting as this job."

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

Kate Waller Barrett 1858—1925

THE death last month of Dr. Kate Waller Barrett of Virginia, Past National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, removed a figure that had long been associated with good works. She brought to the causes with which her name was allied more than sympathy and a desire for intelligent service—she brought an experience based not alone on the fact of her studies in medicine or her world-wide travels, but on the more important fact that she was the mother of a large family. She had borne five children before she entered the Medical College of Georgia, from which she was graduated in 1892 as valedictorian of her class—sufficient claim for distinction in itself for a woman who had been married sixteen years.

Long before the World War the list of offices held and the total of honors won by Dr. Barrett had grown to imposing proportions, and the war gave her energetic personality further opportunity for service. Following the Armistice she went to Europe as official visitor for the Marine Corps and as official investigator for the Department of Labor on the deportation situation, subsequently sitting as one of five American delegates to the Women's Peace Conference at Zurich.

During Dr. Barrett's year as National President of The American Legion Auxiliary that organization, well-established as an instrument of service during the preceding year, began to make its weight felt as a sterling adjunct and ally of The American Legion in fighting for the causes closest alike to the Legion's and the Auxiliary's heart.

Principles, Not Particulars

THE Legion has gone on record emphatically in favor of basic Federal legislation for the encouragement and regulation of aviation. It has no pet bills, no detailed plan to which it is tied. It urges investigation of and familiarity with all the facts in the matter, crystallizing in legislation that will fit the case.

There are, however, certain principles which the Legion is interested in seeing observed. Of these probably the most important is the principle that development of air power should be placed in the hands of men who view their job with constructive imagination rather than conservative retrospection. Progress in aircraft is so rapid that the fundamentals of yesterday may become the errors of tomorrow. To base air tactics and strategy on World War knowledge alone would relegate us even farther down the list of effective air powers.

In the air, man is of great importance. There individual initiative is an absolute requirement. Control of our air power should be vested in men who have that initiative—men who look forward rather than backward.

This seems to require that aviation be taken into partnership by the Army and Navy rather than continued as an employe. The details of co-operation can easily be handled, and responsibility will be charged to those who fly—and whose prime interest is improving the value of flying.

These are the principal reasons which caused the chairman of the Legion's National Aeronautic Committee to tell the last Congress that he was in favor of the principle of a separate and unified air service.

About the only thing on which all factions in the discussion agree is the importance of the question. The discussion did not end with the recent Congress, nor will it end with Legionnaire General William Mitchell's reassignment. It will continue until we have a satisfactory air power.

Take a Tip From Paris

IN publishing this week the story of how Paris Post of the Department of Illinois raised its quota in The American Legion's \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund, the Weekly is not thinking particularly of the feather of publicity which the story deservedly places in Paris Post's cap. The membership of Paris Post, too, while they may be pleased with the recognition which their efforts have won, see in its broadcasting more than a pat on the shoulder. For the important thing is not *what* Paris Post did, but *how* it did it. The mere fact that Paris Post raised its quota for the fund early in the campaign is an interesting fact, a stimulating fact. How Paris Post set about raising its quota is interesting and stimulating too, but (and herein lies the moral) it is also definitely instructive. Nearly eleven thousand other posts of the Legion will find in the account of how Paris Post lived up to its obligation of service some precept that will apply in their communities as satisfactorily as it applied in Paris.

Note, for instance, Suggestion No. 3 in the list of hints on page six: "Every post and Auxiliary member should be on the honor roll of contributors before it is closed for your town. Example is far better than precept."

They believe that, too, in Corydon, Indiana. Harrison Post of Corydon was the second post in Indiana to send in its county quota. Ruskin F. Rowe, post publicity officer, says:

Our quota was raised in a few hours, and half of the amount, which was \$350, was raised by members of the post. We headed the subscription list, which we carried to Corydon business men, with the statement that members of the Legion had subscribed \$180, and this certainly helped in raising the money, for the average business man likes to help an organization that is trying to help itself, and the amount raised by members of the post proved to the citizens of Corydon that the Legion believed sincerely in the proposition.

Possibly the folks in your town aren't so very different from the men and women of Paris and Corydon.



Frequently, when the license plate comes the family plate goes.



When a modern woman gets a divorce she is granted alimony, and the custody of the automobile.



Scientists declare there is no weather on the moon. Golf scores and babies must be the only topic of conversation.



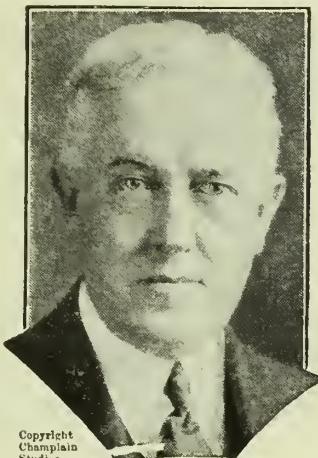
It's getting so that a housewife can now do about everything electrically except to bed down the salad with lettuce leaves.



A cynical traffic cop recently remarked that most women drivers can follow directions well—if they are in a cook book.



Explorers say women rule the men in Thibet. Inasmuch as this was the last precinct to hear from the fact may now be considered universal.



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MAY I express at this time my profound sense of gratitude for the privilege of joining with the Legion in its worthy endeavor to raise an Endowment Fund for the care and cure of the disabled men of the United States forces during the World War, and the care of the orphaned children of those who so bravely died in that conflict? Compared to the sacrifices which they made for us, the largest contributions to your project must seem small indeed.

JOHN W. DAVIS.

The above endorsement of The American Legion's \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund is from a letter written to National Commander Drain by Mr. Davis. By raising this fund, to yield an estimated income of \$225,000 a year, The American Legion seeks to underwrite for years to come the complete fulfillment of the country's obligation to the disabled and the orphans of service men, and to guarantee a continuance of the Legion's supplemental efforts, without which no governmental provision for the sick or helpless or their dependents can be wholly effective.

First Aid for the Veteran Who Is Still an Alien

By L. N. KILMAN

*I*N your community there is doubtless some ex-service man of foreign birth who believes he is a citizen of the United States but who is actually still an alien. Unless he has his naturalization certificates actually in his possession, his citizenship is in doubt, as Mr. Kilman explains in the accompanying article, even though he may have signed the so-called "overseas naturalization papers" while in service. Your post can perform a signal service to such a man and to the country by directing him to the nearest Naturalization Examiner. This does not mean a county clerk or a court officer doing naturalization work, but a representative of the Federal Bureau of Naturalization. One can be found in all the larger cities, usually in the Federal building.

have the "overseas" papers returned and executed here in the absence of the petitioners) was partially abandoned for the reason that the men themselves were coming back and could either be naturalized out of hand at the discharge cantonments or appear before the court when they arrived in the old home town.

Now, many of the courts have ruled that despite the expiration of the special law on March 3, 1924, these "overseas" men may continue to be naturalized as soldiers, the theory being that their petitions, having been executed abroad, were filed before the expiration of the law. And, incidentally, it should not be forgotten that all petitions filed in our courts prior to March 3, 1924, on honorable discharges granted during the World War are still valid. There are probably many hundreds of these pending petitions still on the dockets, awaiting the appearance of the soldiers.

The only requirement of the "overseas" man now applying is that he produce witnesses and pay a fee of four dollars. This, however, as he has delayed so long, he should be willing to pay, for the ruling relieves him of the necessity of making a declaration and waiting two years. There are no doubt hundreds of these men who are mistakenly assuming citizenship. They should at once get in touch with naturalization officials.

There never has been a time when citizenship was conferred automatically by our country, and apparently there never will be a time when numerous citizens, including even the lawyers, and at least some soldiers, will not continue to believe that service in the military forces does the business. Not once, but on several occasions, the writer of this article has encountered gray-headed British subjects who served in the Civil War, intelligent men of finest stamp, who have been voting illegally for decades because they assumed that citizenship had been automatic.

On May 9, 1918, Congress passed a law that contains certain provisions
(Continued on page 18)

MORE than a year ago—on March 3, 1924—the special act of Congress of July 19, 1919, allowing the free and immediate naturalization of foreign-born ex-service men, expired—and yet many of these veterans continue to visit government offices in an effort to profit by the act. No one knows, and there is no way of ascertaining, just how many World War veterans remain aliens in the country for which they fought, but the number probably runs into the thousands.

The Presidential elections last fall brought many men to the polls who ordinarily do not think of voting, and among these was a sprinkling of ex-service men without citizenship. The first question the election inspector asked was to see their certificates of citizenship. Turned down at the polls, the veteran hurried to a naturalization office, where he learned that not only was he not a citizen, but that in order to become one he must pay one dollar to make a declaration of intention and then wait two years, and at the end of that time pay four dollars more. This information, to a man who has an honorable discharge from the United States Army or Navy, comes as a bit of surprise.

To the foregoing situation the courts have quite generally created an ingenious exception in favor of the soldier who signed what are known as "overseas" petitions—the naturalization papers executed by some forty thousand men while in France, England and Germany, but which, it should be stated again, did not complete the citizenship of the alien until the papers themselves had been presented to a law judge on this side. The war stopped rather abruptly, and so it was that the original plan (which was to



Wearing smoked glasses and with their faces blackened to protect them from the blinding glare of the sun on spotless snow, these rope-bound adventurers in the annual American Legion climb of Mount Hood have scaled 11,000 feet of precipitous slopes to stand on Oregon's most magnificent peak. The ascent once was attempted by only a few bold spirits each summer. Hood River Post of The American Legion, which has held an annual climb since 1921, has enabled many hundreds to reach the peak each year without hardship.

SNUGGLING in at the place where the Hood River joins the broad Columbia, with the hills covered by orchards from which come the Hood River apples, and with Mount Hood towering above to a height of 11,225 feet, lies the prosperous city of Hood River, Oregon. And here, in the shadow of Mount Hood's glacier-crowned peak, is situated Hood River Post of the Legion.

As the post looked about for jobs that wanted doing, some officer's attention was called to a somewhat surprising situation. The situation was, briefly, this: Mount Hood is the highest mountain in Oregon, one of the highest of the Cascade Range, and one of the most accessible to climbers. Here was something which the people of western Oregon should be using, enjoying, climbing. Yet every year only a handful of people made the ascent, while climbers from even neighboring Portland fared far afield in search of new peaks to conquer.

It was the sort of thing which hurts the pride of a community. It was also hurting Hood River's pocket-book—for everywhere in the western half of our coun-

try it is appreciated that where the tourist goes, he takes his money, and spends it. Hood River offers the real approach to Mount Hood. If the people from other communities could only be shown the delight of ascending the mountain and could have their attention directed to the scenic gran-

deur of the place, they would come to Hood River. And the community would profit by their coming.

So Hood River Post of the Legion took upon its shoulders the task of popularizing Mount Hood. As the sure way to accomplish its purpose, it hit on the idea of holding an annual climb of the mountain under the post's auspices.

The first annual climb was held in 1921. The Legion post was trying an experiment. The experiment worked.

Now, for the benefit of anyone who has never climbed a man-sized mountain like Hood, be it explained that one does not go about it by laying his napkin on the luncheon table after lighting a cigarette, stretching, and remarking, "Well, I guess I'll shin up the old mountain this afternoon."

In the first place, distances don't go that way in the neighborhood of real mountains. It really is quite a distance even from Hood

The Post That



If you climb the stairways of a sixteen-story office building, you have risen about two hundred feet. It's fifty-five times that to the top of Mount Hood, but alpenstocks and stout hearts help the Legion climbers to get there.



An ocean of clouds rolls about the summit of Mount Hood, with sister peaks looming in the distance like islands. Hood River Post has learned how to get everybody up to the summit and down again safely. The post conducts a rest-camp in a thick pine forest at the 7,000-foot level on the mountain-side, where those preparing for the climb sleep overnight and eat several hearty meals before making the final attempt with the Legion's guides. A campfire meeting at the camp precedes each climb and puts the adventurers in good humor.

Sold a Mountain

River, at the base of the mountain, up to the place where one can actually begin the climb. So Hood River Post established a camp up the mountain a way. You proceed from Hood River up a fine mountain road, perhaps forty-five minutes' drive. Then you plow through a road that has been cleared for a mile or two—a car can make it, all right, but it's no great pleasure to drive. It will be, soon—but that is getting ahead of the story.

When you come to the end of the automobile trail you get out and walk. You start at an elevation of 3,700 feet. You walk for two miles and a half, during which you attain 7,000 feet elevation. If you don't think that rising 3,300 feet in two miles and a half is much, try walking to the top of a sixteen-story office building, and then remember that you haven't gone up two hundred feet.

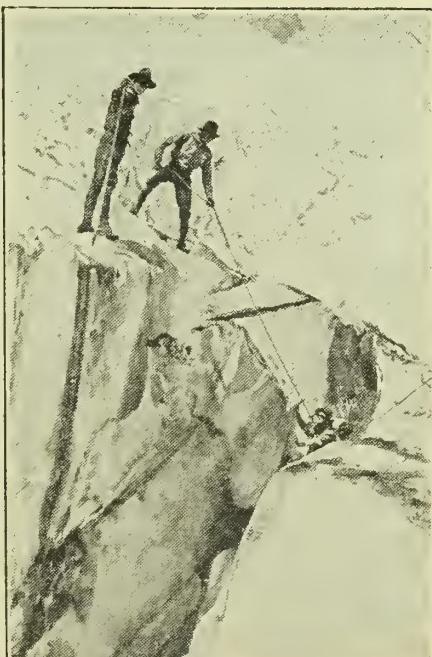
The Legion camp on Mount Hood is just over the rise of 7,000 feet, and down a little way on a wooded flat along the upper reaches of Tilly Jane Creek. Here is a little

paradise. A thick pine forest gives just the right kind of shelter for camping. At the left, the 3,000-foot drop of Sand Canyon will give a thrill to anyone who cares to look over the side. Down from the snowy peak run several streams of water from the melting snow and ice, and on their way these streams leap over precipices, with ribbony waterfalls stretching down and down, and bending sometimes to the stiff mountain breezes.

Here, then, is the Legion camp. It was built here so that the climber, on his way to the top of the mountain, could rest overnight within striking distance of the summit. It takes all the average man has to make the peak from the camp, without the preliminary climb to the camp to leave him leg-weary before he starts.

Just before the big annual climb, the post transports to the camp one of the familiar galvanized iron field stoves. Here are prepared the meals

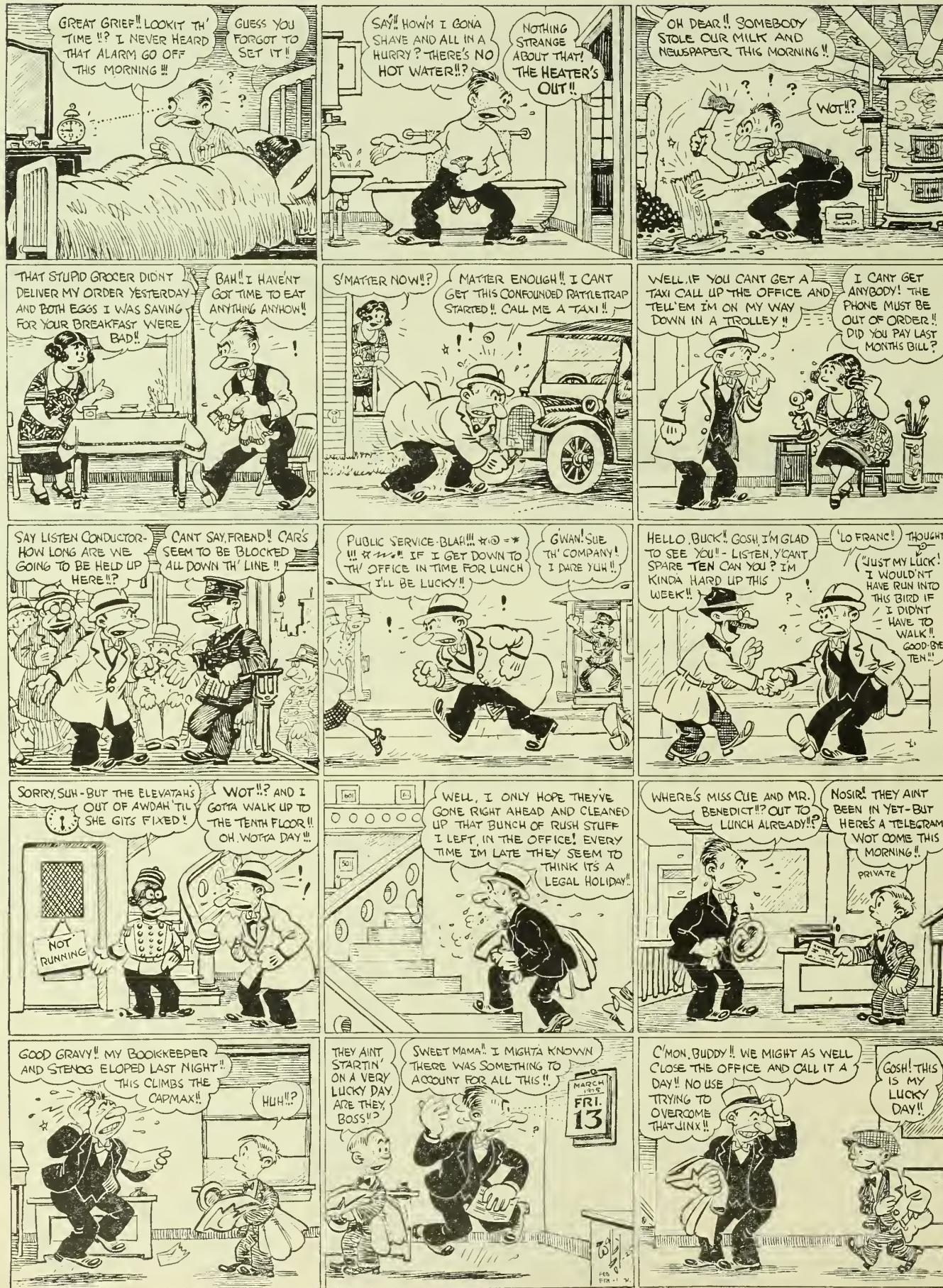
(Continued on page 18)



If straight climbing isn't thrilling enough, Legion climbers on Mount Hood find rarer sport by exploring the insides of the glacier which has been feeding the mountain's streams for thousands of years.

Not Superstitious, But—

By Wallgren



A PERSONAL PAGE

by Frederick Palmer

Hark, From the Tomb Ex-Kaiser William is out with his views on reparations. "Heads I win, tails you lose," is still his idea of sportsmanship. On that principle he fooled the German people. It failed when he tried to apply it to the rest of the world. Now he thinks that each nation engaged should pay all its war expenses. If he had won the war he would have sung a different tune. Then he would have had a message from on high, backing the plan of the German Staff, that it was his righteous duty to make the losers pay all the costs and a huge indemnity in the bargain. Silence best becomes William. Every time he opens his mouth he only makes another damning epitaph for his tombstone.

A Bouquet for a Fritz The first President of the German Republic is dead close to the end of his term of office. Fritz Ebert, harness maker, as a substitute for the resplendent Kaiser! When Herr Ebert was elected six years ago, all German monarchists said that such shame could not endure. He would soon be back at his trade.

Like the President of France, the President of Germany is something of a figurehead; but he forms cabinets and bears the honors and responsibility of headship. Going his way in a rusty plug hat and a shiny frock coat, in place of the Kaiser's golden helmet and showy uniforms, Ebert has kept on the job.

He found Germany in chaos; he saw cabinet after cabinet rise and fall and German currency inflated until the paper mark became valueless. He died with German credit restored and the Dawes plan in operation. His sturdy industry reflected the best qualities of his people, who, free from Kaiserism, will repair the fortunes wrecked by Kaiserism. Harness Maker Fritz wrought exceedingly well. All honor to his memory.

Filth Belongs in the Sewer Hendrik Van Loon, writing in the *Commonweal*, a Catholic weekly, and Paul Hutchinson, writing in the *Christian Advocate*, a Methodist weekly, express the same feelings of disgust and callousness to arms as the result of dipping up an armful of garbage from a newsstand in the form of certain publications which are now much in vogue, as are certain types of plays.

These story magazines, which circulate by millions, belong in Sodom and Gomorrah and not in the United States. Sometimes their prurient "sex interest" is under the guise of physical betterment and of physical beauty for its own sake; again degeneracy of detail in a pornographic narrative runs through many pages to an end which points a moral as an excuse for the compendium of smut between gaudy covers.

There is talk of censorship, but the right sort of censorship is education as to the true character of this printed corruption. Adults who think that the gangrenous stuff amuses them and does them no harm, if they feel no sense of duty to their own debauched minds, have one to younger minds which are not yet debauched.

Every copy they buy is endowing indecency by creating a further market for its flaunted wares whose sale enriches some person in human form to whom money, however

dirty, is the only object. It means a copy which may fall into the hands of adolescent youth.

It is such influences which, through all time, have led to the physical and moral degeneracy of peoples and their downfall. The old rule, unassailable out of the deep experience of church, law, education and all human progress, which has made peoples strong is to keep the mind and body clean. There are enough publications whose standards are kept as clean as those of the Weekly, regardless of profit, as the first duty of editors as decent citizens, which give us information and normal entertainment without resort to the dope of salacity.

Stupidity which is decent is better than cleverness which is indecent. Physical betterment means physical exercise and not suggestive descriptions of nudity, and sex is something to respect and guard with a healthy mind. Sweep this newsstand filth back into the sewer where it belongs.

Luck With You, Walter Secretary of State Hughes has retired, but Walter Johnson, pitcher of the Washington world champions, won't.

We may be sure that neither of these veterans, one of the law and statesmanship and the other of the greatest game, was brought up on prurient newsstand literature. Was Walter's feat in pitching Washington to victory last year his swan song? Has the old man another great year in him? We root for the hope that he has. If he has not, there is his record which proves—as Secretary Hughes said in a recent address—that it is not your brilliant youth that counts so much as how many years of strength, skill and endurance you have in you—and the number of these years depends upon temperate, clean living and thinking.

Aviation by Proxy They say that Captain Max Boucher of the French Army can control by wireless an unmanned airplane for a distance of nearly two miles, and he hopes for far greater range soon. This opens a prospect in aerial warfare to make one blink in wonder as he did at his first sight of a plane against the sun.

In the next war a man may sit at a station directing squadrons of planes, which have no human pilots, as they drop explosive or gas bombs on the enemy. But the answer will be wireless-controlled squadrons to combat them. Instead of machine-gun jousts between aviators we shall have defense planes going out to ram offense planes before they are over their target. The more I think of that next war the more I am convinced that it is going to be so complicated that it should be indefinitely postponed.

There Is Money Enough New York newspapers spoke of the slim attendance and the poor gate receipts recently for a bout between lightweights at Madison Square Garden. More than three thousand people paid more than \$10,000 for being present. If New York is rich enough to spend that amount on a fifth-rate prizefight, then either she will give a goodly sum to the Legion Endowment Fund or else some of her citizens think more of men who bruise each other in the ring for pay than of the orphans of men who fell fighting for their country.

First Aid for the Veteran Who Is Still an Alien

(Continued from page 13)

which are still effective in favor of men in the service at the present time. Under this law a foreign-born soldier, if on a re-enlistment or in possession of an honorable discharge less than six months old, may be relieved of some of the technical requirements exacted of the civilian applicant. But this law has nothing in it to assist the veteran of the Meuse-Argonne.

Just why the special act in favor of the World War service man was limited to one year after the last troops had returned from abroad is not clear. The Commissioner of Naturalization in his annual report for 1924 makes this recommendation to Congress:

"Legislation adopted during the war in favor of alien soldiers, sailors and marines serving the United States during the war expired on March 3, 1924. It has since been shown that a large number of veterans, honorably discharged, are still not citizens of the United States. This is due largely to the fact that many were not told at the time of their discharge that they had not become citizens through their military service. Laws should be enacted providing a simplified method of

naturalizing those who served between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, in the military or naval forces of the United States. This legislation should be so worded as to include honorably discharged veterans of other wars."

A further recommendation is as follows:

"Service in the Marine Corps, Army, or Navy entitles an alien to petition for naturalization if application is filed within six months after the termination of such service under honorable conditions. This period should be extended to one year."

The naturalization law of June 29, 1906, has now been in operation for eighteen years, and, except for the few amendments relating to war-time conditions, has remained unchanged. It needs to be modernized and improved so that it will reflect, as does the 1924 immigration law with its two percent on the 1890 census provision, the present attitude of the American people toward the valuable privilege of citizenship. A most meritorious amendment will be the one quoted above in behalf of the still unnaturalized ex-service man.

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The Post That Sold a Mountain

(Continued from page 15)

for the pilgrims who stop at the camp on their way to the top. And what meals that climb calls for!

The first year of the climb, 1921, about one hundred and fifty men, women and children spent the night at the Legion camp on the Saturday before the group ascent on Sunday. Not all of these, of course, even essayed the climb to the top, and not all of those who try the climb reach the point where they can register their names in the book on the peak. But that is quite in accord with the post's plans.

It wants to get people acquainted with the beauties of the mountain and the joys of spending recreation hours there. The climb is the magnet, but those who are drawn to see are quite as welcome as those who come to climb.

In 1922 there were 251 souls who gathered around the roaring campfire just before the climb. In 1923 almost four hundred were there. In 1924 there was a slight falling-off, but unquestionably 1925 will see a new high mark. For the roads will be better—but more of that later.

The climb is always made on a Sunday. The climbers assemble at the Legion camp on Saturday. Some of them get there Saturday morning, while others arrive just in time to start out with the bunch after the crack o' dawn Sunday. Two meals are served at the Legion camp on Saturday, and three on Sunday. Anyone who wants to stay over Monday to loaf can always be provided for, too.

The trip costs from five dollars to thirteen dollars, depending on how long the climber stays in camp, whether he goes up the mountain,

and so on. This includes meals, packing in the provisions and bedding. The minimum fee of five dollars is collected from everyone entering camp, to pay for meals and packing. Those who start for the top pay three dollars guide fee. Those who take the glacier side-trip pay another dollar. It costs a dollar extra to remain in camp on Monday. And if one has to have transportation provided from Hood River up to the end of the trail, that costs three dollars more.

To climb with the Legion, one does not have to be a Legionnaire. Not more than twenty percent of those who make the climb are service men or women. They are folks who come from towns and farms and cities all over Oregon and southwestern Washington, with a sprinkling of folks from the East who happen to be in the Northwest and decide they would like to climb a mountain. They are folks who scatter all over the State, and all over the country, to tell their friends and acquaintances about the time they climbed Mount Hood, and how beautiful the mountain is, and how wonderful the view is from the top. They go away from Hood River effective missionaries.

One of the important results which the annual climb has furthered is the construction of a road from the Mount Hood loop road to the timber line on Mount Hood. The local post and the Chamber of Commerce have worked together to attain this end. The road is now being built, and as soon as it is completed—the most important section for the Legion's climb will be done before next summer—the climbers will be able to drive in comfort right to the Legion camp.

PATRIOTIC QUIZ NO. 12

- What statesman before Bryan was over a period of twenty years three times a candidate for the presidency on a major party's platform?
- What State has the most counties? Which is second?
- Whom did Lincoln, according to report, refer to as "the little woman who caused this great war"?
- What European emperor had a home prepared for him in the United States which he never occupied?
- What was the nationality of the man who laid out the city of Washington?

Answers next week.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S QUIZ

1. Sam Houston served under Gen. Jackson in the War of 1812, was governor of Tennessee in 1827, after which he became a full-fledged member of the Cherokee Indian tribe. He joined in the war for Texan independence and became commander-in-chief in the army and President of the Republic of Texas until it was admitted as a State into the Union. He then served as U. S. Senator from Texas, from 1846 to 1859, when he was chosen Governor, serving until March, 1861, when he was deposed because he refused to swear allegiance to the Confederacy.

2. Gen. James A. Garfield used the words "God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives," during an informal mass meeting in front of the Merchants Exchange, New York City, April 15, 1865, the day of President Lincoln's death.

3. When a sizeable section of Oklahoma known locally as "the Cherokee Strip" was thrown open for white settlement in 1893 by what is known as "The Run," Federal soldiers cleared this territory—which comprises about one-fifth of the present State—of all inhabitants and then posted a guard about the borders. At noon on September 16th the Strip was declared open, and about 150,000 people on horseback, foot, and in every form of conveyance dashed from the four borders into the Strip and staked their claims. Naturally a few people had eluded the vigilance of the troops and were hidden within the Strip. They simply emerged from hiding and picked out the best claims. They were called "sooners" and when discovered were shot without the formality of a trial.

4. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, delivered the "Oration of the Day" at the dedication of the Gettysburg field on November 19, 1863, when Lincoln gave his immortal address. His speech lasted more than an hour. Lincoln's lasted about three minutes.

5. The order, "If any one attempts to haul down the American Flag, shoot him on the spot" was given by John A. Dix, Acting Secretary of the Treasury, in a despatch to the internal revenue office at New Orleans, January 29, 1861.



Thomas A. Edison and Charles P. Steinmetz in the Schenectady laboratories of the General Electric Company, where Dr. Steinmetz did his great work.

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The Greatest Quarter Century in History

(Continued from page 10)

agriculture. And the horse is fast disappearing as a racing animal. It is already a rare sight on a big city street. One more serious result must be noted. This is the alarming increase in accidents due to automobiles. In 1922, the last year for which official figures can be obtained, 11,166 deaths were caused by automobiles, and the number has been increasing.

Partly influenced by the development of the automobile and in turn influencing the automobile's development is the building of public roads. In 1922 there were approximately 3,000,000 miles of public roads in the United States, of which nearly 400,000 miles were surfaced. A Federal highway system is under construction, 160,000 miles in extent. It is possible in certain parts of the country to drive twenty-four hours on roads as smooth as a city boulevard. It is not only possible but common to cross the continent by motor. This has made possible regular long distance transportation service by automobile. In 1922 there were 1,500 motor express lines, and 108 cities had passenger bus systems.

At this point it is logical to discuss transportation in general. In railways the period has been notable chiefly for various improvements in service and safety devices and the introduction of limited trains like the Twentieth Century Limited, the Broadway Limited, and the coast-to-coast flyers.

In local transportation there has been more progress as the result of greater needs produced by growing cities. In 1904 the first subway line was opened in New York. There are now four, and more are to be built. In nearly all big cities in 1900 the lowly horse-car still plodded its way and the grip car wheezed. They have now disappeared and the bigger, roomier and, as a rule, pay-as-you-enter car has taken their place.

The motor bus has been added, and the jitney, not to mention the omnipresent taxicab. In the Middle West the electric or motor bus line is common for service between towns. The electrification of all railways is one of the likelihoods of the future. Already all lines entering New York come in on electric power, one from as far away as seventy miles, and at least one of the trans-continental lines has electric locomotives for a large part of its right of way.

The palatial trans-Atlantic floating hotel is an outgrowth of the last few years. One can cross the ocean now with the advantages of a fashionable summer resort hotel—elevators, four or five dining rooms, ball rooms, conservatories, gymnasiums, swimming pools, daily newspapers.

Though humble as compared with the radio and the movie, the talking machine cannot be forgotten. What twenty-five years ago was a box blaring scratchy noises through a big horn, more suitable for corner cigar stores than the home, is now an instrument capable of recording with delicacy and fine shadings the notes of the greatest singers and the most famous virtuosi

of the violin. And everybody owns one!

Thus far I have been talking only of what has made life more interesting and entertaining and different. Something of more fundamental importance remains to be told—how life has been made safer. While no revolutionary discoveries have been made in medicine, it has been a period of harvesting from the great discoveries of the previous generation, with the result that the conquest of disease has gone forward with amazing rapidity.

Typhoid fever may be taken as an example. In the Spanish-American War eighty-five percent of the deaths in the American Army were caused by typhoid. Out of every thousand men in our Army, 150 went to hospital from that cause. In 1917-1918 the rate was less than one per thousand. Inoculation with typhoid serum, entirely unknown a few years before, practically wiped out the disease. No statistics exist by which to measure the hundreds of thousands of lives saved in the war alone by the knowledge of antisepsis in surgery, but lockjaw practically disappeared and wounds which would otherwise have been infected and fatal were healed.

Increased knowledge of the use of anesthetics, especially local anesthetics, has been almost as important as antisepsis in saving lives, both in peace and war. Not only in surgery but in treatment of general diseases the X-ray has been another instrument in the saving of life. By means of the X-ray diagnosis has been made easier, and it is a truism of medicine that correct diagnosis is half way toward cure. Plastic surgery is a development of the last few years. It has made possible the rebuilding of crippled men. Even facial features have been provided anew where they could not be restored.

Typhoid fever is only one instance of endeavor in a new medical field—preventive medicine. Mosquito control, for instance, has practically eliminated yellow fever—the work of General William C. Gorgas, one of the most dramatic conquests in the fight against disease—and markedly reduced malaria. Mass treatments of whole populations are bringing results by attacking the problem of sanitation in large districts. By education in sanitation, better ventilation and healthier living the incidence of tuberculosis has been reduced and cures made easier. For instance, in Massachusetts, the mortality from tuberculosis was 180 per 100,000 in 1900; in 1920 it was 50. Public education, through moving pictures, health departments and newspapers, has been the principal arm of preventive medicine. Serums, already mentioned, have been another arm of preventive medicine. In typhoid, yellow fever, diphtheria and goiter serums have been successful, either as prevention or cure, but to these and similar diseases it has thus far been limited.

Syphilis, the scourge of all races throughout modern times, is gradually coming under control—in diagnosis through the Wassermann test and in

treatment through Ehrlich's 606 or salvarsan. The discovery of insulin promises to do with diabetes as the typhoid vaccine has done with typhoid. One terrain still remains unconquered—cancer. To the contrary, its ravages have been deeper every year in every part of the world. It remains an insoluble riddle to medical science.

Something must be said also of the increase in the knowledge of dietetics. Many internal disorders, previously unexplained, are now known to result from deficiencies in diet. The recent discovery of vitamins as a property of foods and their importance in preserving health is the most important discovery in this field.

Though only partly related to medicine, psycho-analysis must be mentioned in this connection as a twentieth-century product. This theory, which has been so much abused by the superficial and the mercenary, is based on the importance of the unconscious as an explanation of human conduct and human ills, the unconscious being revealed in dreams and small accidental acts. Though still a subject of controversy, the theory propounded by Dr. Sigmund Freud, the Viennese professor, has already been found useful in the treatment of nervous disorders.

Under the classification of science and invention must come also new engines of war—the perfection of the machine gun, long-range and high-power artillery mounted on motor carriages and trains, armored autos and trains, the submarine, tank, airplane, and, lastly and most important, gas. The art or science of war has been revolutionized and war has been made so deadly that it is a serious question whether another one will not mean extermination.

As yet only a discovery in pure science and without practical application, the Einstein theory exists as a landmark in science, which may cause the whole philosophy of matter to be revised. There are those who consider this the most fundamental achievement of the century.

In the economic world the most important developments have been the consolidation of great corporations and the expansion of the scale on which business is transacted, the application of new inventions to industry, the increase of trading between nations and the adoption of advertising as the chief advance agent of business.

The United States Steel Corporation was formed in 1900, inaugurating a new epoch in world commerce. Since then the tendency has been toward concentration in every form of industry, for large-scale production permits great economies. While the government anti-trust acts have sought to prevent monopolies, the logical drift toward big units has been irresistible, and the Government has informally adopted a policy of regulation rather than of prevention. The movement has been world-wide. In England there have been similar combinations into large units. In Germany the late Hugo Stinnes founded the "vertical trust," which not only seeks to control one product but to own and manage everything that goes into that product, from the mining machinery that digs out the coal to the railroad that carries it, the bank that finances the mine and railroad, and the newspaper adver-



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If you can sell household extracts to the wholesale grocer, the retailer or direct to the household, we have a real sales proposition for you.

This is not an attempt to sell you a sample case. We manufacture flavoring extracts and nothing else. If you have an established clientele and wish to add a real line of extracts that will give entire satisfaction and bring repeat orders, write us for prices, samples and particulars.

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Send at once full particulars about "Krispy" Potato Chip Machine and how to make money with it.

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Keep Musterole on the bath-room shelf

Years ago the old-fashioned mustard plaster was the favorite remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, colds on the chest and sore throat.

It did the work all right, but it was sticky and messy to apply and my how it did burn and blister!

The little white jar of Musterole has taken the place of the stern old mustard plaster.

Keep this soothing ointment on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first cough or sniffle, at rheumatism's first warning tingle.

Made from pure oil of mustard, with the blister and sting taken out, Musterole penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble. To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

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tising them. Both ends and the middle!

The names of the great corporations are all household words, but one stands out uniquely—Henry Ford. He is a phenomenon in himself. Not only does he produce 2,000,000 cars a year, half the output of the country, but he is a pioneer. He will be remembered as the man who conceived the idea of putting the automobile within reach of the masses. He will be remembered longer as the captain of industry who voluntarily established a minimum wage far higher than the market rate of labor on the principle that every man ought to make a living wage.

Ford has led also in applying the principle of standardization, which is the foundation of large-scale production. This principle is being carried out in all production. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, has taken the lead in bringing industries to adopt standard makes. In the lumber trade he has succeeded in reducing the number of grades of lumber turned out by the mills, thus saving on machinery and making marketing easier.

If you want to go into business today on a large scale, your first expenditure is not for building or plant or goods. It is for advertising. One of the costs of production in modern business is advertising, as directly as labor or raw materials. No business can exist without it. From being an unorganized and hit-or-miss affair advertising has become a highly developed, almost exact science. An advertising agency is itself a great corporation and advertising one of the great industries.

Business in the last few years has lost its scorn of the theoretical. It has made science its handmaiden, and every large factory has its experimental laboratory. The results are too numerous and detailed and technical to be given here, but improved processes have enabled every form of production to cheapen its cost, with a consequent saving which has benefited both the producer and consumer. More delicate machines have been constructed, more by-products are utilized, new materials have been made available—what are known as synthetic products.

Improved agricultural machinery and better fertilizers have made of agriculture also a large-scale industry. The harvester, the riding plow and harrow, the riding harrow, the tractor and various small engines for different kinds of work have made farming a mechanical operation and incidentally helped to meet the labor problem caused by emigration to the cities. The farmer today is as much an engineer and chemist as a tiller of the soil.

The greatest potential change in production is still partly in the future. This is super-power. Experiments have already been made with 500,000 volt lines in the last two or three years, and there are those who say it will be possible to maintain million-volt lines. Thus power will be manufactured right at the mines and served to users hundreds of miles away. The transportation of coal will be unnecessary, the smoke problem will be solved, power will be sold in quantities large enough for industry exactly as it is now in small quantities for lighting in our homes. It will no longer be necessary for plants to be in large centers, and

we may see therefore a drift back to smaller centers of population. Super-power may be the great outstanding fact of the material world in the next fifty years.

With all these contributing causes, the results may be summed up as follows: In 1904 the value of industrial production in this country was \$14,794,000,000; in 1919 it was \$62,418,000,000. Between 1899 and 1919 agricultural production increased 138 percent, mining 228 percent and manufacture 195 percent, while the population increased only 140 percent. The foreign trade of thirty-seven leading countries in 1900 totaled \$19,000,000,000; in 1922 it totaled \$83,500,000,000, more than double. The foreign trade of the United States in 1900 was \$2,244,000,000; in 1922 it was \$6,944,000,000, more than triple.

The three great achievements in engineering in the last twenty-five years are the Panama Canal, the American skyscraper, and irrigation. In the Soudan, in Africa, the British are making great tracts of arid land fertile for cotton cultivation with the waters of the Nile, one of the greatest of recent world enterprises. In this country there were 7,744,400 acres of irrigated land in 1900 and 19,191,700 in 1920. Somewhat related is the world hunt for oil, with new wells discovered and exploited in the United States, Mexico, Mesopotamia, Russia, Persia and Rumania. Oil is supplanting coal as fuel for ships. Incidentally, it should be added that an electric compass, the invention of Elmer S. Sperry, now steers ships automatically. The "man at the helm" is becoming a mere metaphor.

The first quarter of the twentieth century has seen the end of the explorer's career. There is nothing left to discover. Admiral Peary planted his flag at the North Pole in 1909 and Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian, discovered the South Pole in 1911, just before Captain Robert F. Scott, the Englishman, and his party met their tragic death after reaching the Pole just too late. No more geography being left to discover, explorers are turning their energies to history, and archeologists are opening up the tombs of old Egyptian kings and digging out cities that were great in Biblical times to see what the twentieth century can learn from antiquity.

In art it has been a period of rebellion. Futurism, cubism, dadaism and other esoteric theories have been playing havoc with the accepted standards in painting, poetry, music and the drama. There are pictures of which it is difficult to say whether they depict men or mountains; poems that may be about a button or a snow-storm, symphonies undistinguishable from the preliminary tuning of the instruments. How long the movements will live one cannot say, but they would hardly be a good insurance risk.

In the United States there has been a marked literary efflorescence. Novelists have been striking out boldly from the limitations of the traditions of the English novel, dealing with American life in their own way. Whether good or bad, a distinctive American literature is in the making, more particularly in the field of poetry, whereof there has been an actual renaissance. The magazines have

changed their character, most of them turning exclusively to the exploitation of personal and human interest material, while new ones have developed, consciously intellectual and devoted to expression of opinion. The old muckraking magazine has passed, as well as the illustrated weekly, which has given way to the superior illustrations in the Sunday papers made possible by the rotogravure process.

Standardization has been the dominant note in the newspapers. The syndicate has made all but the news pages of the papers look the same from end to end of the country. While many papers have lost personality, many also have been able to provide a higher grade of reading matter than they did twenty-five years ago. The most distinctive feature is the comic

strip, the most highly paid and most popular of all the contents of any newspaper. In the last few weeks of 1924 the first experiments were made in transmitting photographs by radio, thus presaging another revolution in newspaper making.

One could go on endlessly. It would be simpler to set down the aspects of life which have remained unchanged in the last twenty-five years. They are less numerous than those which have been changed. It has been an eventful generation. The next one very likely will be an even more eventful one. It generally is. At the pace at which we are moving now, by sheer momentum the next one must go farther and faster. Those who read the summary of 1950 may look back at 1925 as patronizingly as we do at 1900.

"We Only Did What Every Post Is Going to Do"

(Continued from page 7)

of them. They considered the splendid start the Legion has already made to provide for the care of the needy and orphaned children of service men—with the central idea that the Legion intends to find for each child a home to replace the one war took from him. They learned why the Government can only accomplish so much and no more in providing for the disabled and the orphans, and that beyond the point where the Government's work leaves off is a vast domain of necessary help and relief which only the Legion can give. They learned of the Endowment Fund itself—a trust fund of \$5,000,000 which will be kept intact for scores of years, as long as there is need of the help it will give, and then will be devoted to such purpose nearest the one for which it was raised as the President of the United States shall direct.

All this they learned and much more. And they learned it thoroughly enough to be able to impart it in few and inspiring words to those they would call upon. Every possible question contributors might ask was anticipated and the true answer was found for it. Each team captain was impressed with the fact that he had to be sold on the Endowment one hundred per cent himself before he could hope to sell others.

Practically none of the team captains had ever tried to obtain contributions for any cause. They were green hands, and they admitted it, when the start-off came. They had absorbed a lot of facts and theory, but anyone might have wondered whether they could stand the test of making real sales to the public. But they had more than mere facts and theory.

There was Chuck Black, who is ordinarily one of the busiest men in town running a wholesale grocery. Taking time out to study up on the Endowment wasn't easy for Black, and he was rather doubtful how much time he could spend "going round."

"Well, Commander, I'm sorry, but I got to run back to the office," Black told Colson one day when the work of the campaign was getting heavy. "I've got several new people at work and I've got to get them started. Don't count on me any more today."

Colson hated to see Black leave, for minutes and seconds were beginning to count in the campaign.

But the imponderables were already at work. Colson relates:

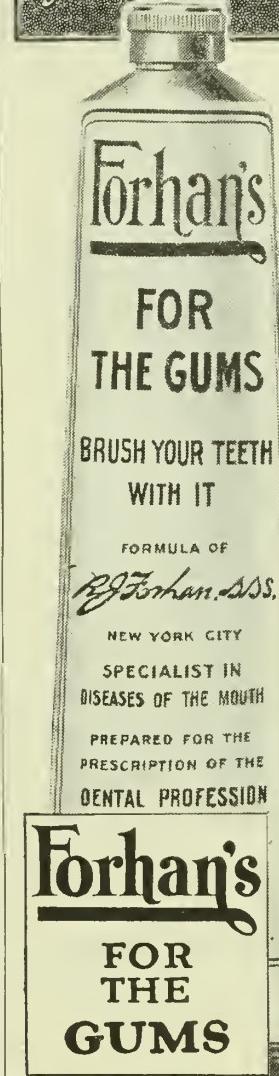
"A half hour later I heard Chuck's voice above the hum of conversation in my outer office where everybody was getting ready for the jump-off. I walked out and saw him, and he said: 'I couldn't stay away. This thing's got into me. I'm sticking with it until the finish, regardless of everything else. I guess those new folks in the office will get along.'

That was the way with most of the campaigners. They all had their own business to look after, and working on the Endowment campaign represented real sacrifices in valuable time for most of them. A doctor, a dentist or an osteopath has to look after his patients, and very few men can call their time their own. Many men had to arrange with their employers to get off for the Legion's work. In addition to the team captains, many other volunteers had to serve for periods of a few hours, rushing back to take up their own dropped affairs. But averaging time up, everybody did his share of the work.

The work of soliciting contributions was planned as carefully as the selling talk. Of course every Legionnaire and Auxiliary member was counted on in advance for contributions. For those outside the Legion, lists of possible contributors were prepared, with an estimate of the amount each man or business concern might be expected to give. Lists were classified by professions and occupations—separate ones for doctors, druggists, hardware merchants, and such like. Each team captain was given one of these lists, the one which he could handle best. For instance, Tim Sellar, an attorney himself, captained the team charged with getting the lawyers' contributions. Incidentally he earned a new title—Five Dollar Bill Sellar—because of the long list of five dollar contributions he turned in.

Commander Colson gives most of the credit for the over-the-top record to the men who spent three days calling on contributors. But the spirit of the town uncovered by the campaign amazed

Unhealthy gums denoted by tenderness and bleeding



UNHEALTHY soil kills the best of wheat. Unhealthy gum skill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound keep the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorrhœa, which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

Pyorrhœa menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhœa germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

To avoid Pyorrhœa, visit your dentist frequently for tooth and gum inspection. And use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhœa—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinking has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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Dept. C-222, 55 Vesey Street, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Two Battle Maps Every A. E. F. Man Should Have

The Legion Book Service has been fortunate in securing a limited number of the official battle maps of both the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives, showing the exact position of all troops participating in these drives, day by day, from the jump-off until the end of the offensive. These maps show the terrain and are unusually clear and are absolutely official. Every division participating in either of these drives can see exactly what they accomplished, day by day, the towns they captured, the territory they went over, by studying these maps. Price for both maps postage paid, \$1.00. Send check, money order or draft. Make remittance payable to the

even the Legionnaires. It was perfect.

"There is one concern here which each year sets aside in its budget a sum for donations to various causes," says Commander Colson. "The head of this concern listened to what our boys had to say and he promptly wrote out one of the largest checks we got. He told us: 'Finding the best place for our money is harder than making that money, and in giving this money to the Legion I have the feeling that it's the best contribution we ever made.' And I know that man spoke from his soul."

Commander Colson emphasized the fact that no attempt was made to obtain the largest possible donations from individuals. The Legionnaires felt they could raise the town quota easily by proportionate contributions, each person giving what he could amply afford to give without strain and the whole amount spread out fairly among all who could give.

At first the team captains traveled in groups, until the first awkwardness of the presentation speech had been worn away. This rapidly led to rivalry within the group, every man seeking to do most of the talking. When the campaign warmed up, however, the contribution-getters traveled in pairs mostly, and the preliminary talks came easily.

Many contributions were obtained over the telephone. Three separate groups had visited one business concern, leaving without interviewing the proprietor because he was busy. A call over the telephone brought a \$50 contribution from him.

As a rule, however, solicitors did not have to use up much time after explaining that it was the Legion that wished the money and that it would be used for the disabled men and orphans. Dr. J. E. Adams, a dentist, looked up from his drill poised over a patient's jaw as several Legionnaires entered his office. He put a final polishing buzz on a filled tooth and turned to the visitors, who perhaps looked like emergency patients. They told him why they had come. "I know about it, and I'm with you," he said. His \$25 check was the first individual contribution. And the

patient he had been attending was the second man to give.

For use in the campaign Paris Post had printed large forms, headed with an explanation of the Endowment Fund, on which contributors subscribed their names and the amounts they gave. The post also used small stickers reading: "This store has subscribed for the Legion Endowment Fund." One of these was stuck up prominently in every business place visited. They were as plentiful as flags on the Fourth of July as the campaign progressed.

The post also used effectively a poster showing a war orphan in an attitude of appeal, with the inscription: "You took my daddy—are you going to turn me down now?" This supplied a theme for those who interviewed some persons who were unacquainted with what the Legion is doing to help the orphaned children of service men.

Lincoln's birthday had been set by the post as its over-the-top day. In the two days preceding February 14th a very good start had been made toward the total sought, which was \$1,400. On Lincoln's birthday the slogan was "everybody out." All day long the post members brought into the campaign headquarters the filled-out contribution lists, and the total rose up and up. In nearly every case they brought with them checks or cash—there were few deferred payments. By seven o'clock in the evening, the total was ready to brim over, and at exactly fifteen minutes after seven o'clock it did go over when a team captain edged his way through the crowd with a check for \$1.75. This check brought the total to exactly \$1,400, but Paris post didn't stop. Later straggling contributions added \$55.25 to the fund. Paris post had passed its goal.

It didn't seem dramatic or spectacular to the tired men who crowded about the table in the post headquarters. But the world heard what Commander Colson said in his telegram to Commander Drain. That telegram, echoing Commander Drain's own words, said Paris Post had gone through and had reached its objective. And Paris had set the pace for all America.

"Your Success Is an Inspiration to Me," National Commander's Message to Paris

THE importance of what Paris (Illinois) Post did in raising its community quota for The American Legion Endowment Fund while only the preliminary efforts were being made in its State is attested by National Commander Drain in a letter to U. Rae Colson, Commander of Paris Post. Commander Drain wrote:

February 14, 1925.
My Dear Mr. Commander:

On the morning of February 13th in Chicago, I received a telegram from you dated February 12th, reading as follows:

[The text of Mr. Colson's telegram to National Commander Drain is given in Mr. Von Blon's article.]

That day at 12:30 I attended a luncheon presided over by Colonel Albert A. Sprague, at which General Charles G. Dawes, Vice-President-elect of the United States, and myself were

the speakers. The guests were from the most prominent men and women in and out of the Legion of Illinois.

The purpose of the luncheon was to acquaint those present with the Why and How of The American Legion Endowment Fund project, and to secure a state chairman to direct the efforts of Illinois in securing its allotment of \$650,000 for this Fund. I may say to you that the chairman was found—just the man for the place—in Charles W. Folds, of Chicago, the man who, in 1917 and 1918, was the head of the Liberty Loan campaigns of Illinois.

Mr. Folds is a busy man of large affairs, and especially in view of what he did during the war, he probably would have been fully justified in declining this chairmanship. But instead of declining, when he was nominated for the place by General Dawes he accepted without reservation, and in such terms as to make sure to all of

us that we could depend upon him to see to it that Illinois meets her full obligation.

There is to me a feeling that it is most appropriate for a man who headed up the Liberty Loan drives during the war to co-operate with The American Legion in its drive now. All over the country men like Mr. Folds shoudered colossal burdens at home (without their successful efforts, ours in the military service over here and over there would have been useless) and carried them through in a wonderful way. Mr. Folds, himself, was forty-seven when we entered the war and without military experience. Yet he wanted to get in and could have got in because he was offered a commission, after he had successfully carried through one or more loan drives, if the strong men of Chicago and Illinois had not felt him to be of priceless value in that connection and, therefore, one who could not be spared. Those of us who were in the military service during the war and were fortunate enough to be overseas are the first to recognize the value, the high patriotic quality and the self-sacrifice of thousands of men and women of America whose hearts were with us, but whose work was at home and outside of any armed force.

When I talked, I read your telegram, and I want you, Mr. Commander, and the members of your post to know that the efforts you made, and I know they were great, to secure your full allotment of this Fund had the very effect you sought for. Your effort and your success and your sentiments were an inspiration to that meeting and to me. I thank you all very, very heartily.

At the same time I read a letter dated the 13th of February, as follows:

"Dear General Drain:

"The Combat Medal Men's Association, some of whose members are themselves disabled, takes pleasure in handing you herewith \$50 for The American Legion Endowment Fund.

"The Combat Medal Men's Association is particularly interested in anything the National Commander may undertake, as no decorated man may join it unless he is a member of The American Legion.

"With best wishes, we beg to remain

"Respectfully yours,

"C. W. KEANE,
"President."

You know, of course, about the Combat Medal Men's Association—that it is made up of men who each have either the Congressional Medal of Honor or the Distinguished Service Cross. All the men are members of The American Legion and the 40 and 8, and a mere recital of the citations of these men, setting out the acts of exceptional bravery and gallantry which brought them these wonderful decorations, would of itself constitute a most thrilling record of gallantry.

Your effort and theirs helped more than I can tell you, and will help in the future of this effort to make it the thorough-going success, which I am sure it will become.

As the last act of that meeting, Chairman Sprague read a pledge, copy of which was at the place of every guest. Here is that pledge:

"I believe that every man who has incurred a disability because of his

service to the nation in time of war deserves every opportunity for restoration to physical, mental and spiritual health and a status of self-support and respect.

"I believe that the orphan children of those who made the supreme sacrifice for America are entitled to the same chance in life which they would have received had not their fathers given their lives to the nation.

"I believe with President Coolidge that The American Legion, as the chief and most representative organization of service men in the World War, deserves the confidence and support of the American people in its work for the disabled and the orphans of veterans.

"I believe that The American Legion, which has used and is using so freely its own financial resources in behalf of these valiant men and their dependent children, deserves every encouragement in its campaign to raise from its own members and the public an Endowment Fund of \$5,000,000, the annual income from which will guarantee a solid financial basis in perpetuity for its program's of disabled men's rehabilitation and child welfare.

"I pledge my personal efforts in behalf of this worthy program of the Legion."

With warmest regards and best wishes for the success of yourself, Mr. Commander, and the officers and members of Paris Post No. 211, I renew my thanks and sign myself,

Yours sincerely,
JAMES A. DRAIN,
National Commander.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

BASE HOSPITAL 44—Sixth annual reunion at the American House, Boston, Mass., March 14, at 6 p. m. Address Fred B. Eastman, State Street Trust Co., Boston.

CO. B, 8TH MASS. INF. (Now 104th Inf., 26th Div.)—Military banquet, March 20, in State Armory, Everett, Mass., on 25th anniversary of formation of old company. Address Col. L. P. Sawin, City Hall, Everett.

SEC. 573 ARMY AMB. SER.—Former members of this outfit living in New York City or vicinity interested in reunion dinner on March 28, address C. Tom Mullins, 132 Berkeley Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

WALTER C. COOK, Hampton Roads Post, Hampton, Va. D. Nov. 7 at New York Post Graduate Hospital. Served in M. C.

JOHN L. RILEY, Fort Orange Post, Albany, N. Y. D. Jan. 15 at Roosevelt Hospital, New York City. Maj. San. Det., Camp McPherson, Ga.

JAMES H. RYAN, Leon E. Abbott Post, Swampscott, Mass. D. April 9, 1924, aged 34. Served with 167th Inf.

CHARLES SHEEDY, Sullivan (Ind.) Post. Killed in mine explosion, Feb. 20, aged 36. Served with Co. D, 27th Eng.

EVERETT E. WARD, Leon E. Abbott Post, Swampscott, Mass. D. Feb. 10, 1924, aged 29. Served with 104th Inf., 26th Div.

FRANK E. WELLS, Jackson A. Matthews Post, Saranac Lake, N. Y. D. Dec. 21, aged 27. Served in Navy.

CHARLES H. YOUNG, Charles II. Fox Post, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y. D. Jan. 2, aged 40. Served with 102d F. S. Bn., 27th Div.

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Do you want to see your country from a Pullman window? Do you want to stop at the best hotels—to mingle with prominent people?

Thousands Salesmen Always Wanted Dept. C712 Rochester, N.Y.

You can succeed. Tell me how to get a big paid field. We will position as Salesman—man—Send me copy Mail the copy of your illustrated book and sample lesson the songs in Salesmanship. All of this to be absolutely

Name.....

Address.....

Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

Summary!

This happened when it still wasn't too late for the heroes to tell what they had been doing Over There.

"I suppose," she supposed, "that you went through some pretty hard trials."

"Oh, yes," he laughed it off, "but they were never able to get anything on me."

What Say You, M. Volstead?

[From the Atlanta Independent]

Kupper Bier, Hoboken, N. J., believes himself the oldest business man in the country. He recently celebrated his 105th birthday anniversary.

A Lovely Time Being Had by All

[From the Larned (Kas.) Tiller and Toiler]

The wedding bells pealed joyfully at the home of Mr. H. R. D— last Tuesday, when their highly accomplished and beautiful daughter, M—, became the blushing bride of that sterling young farmer, H— E—. The bride's brother C—, played Meddlesome's wedding march on his cornet, and considering the fact he has only had it about nine months it sounded good. Rev. O—, who has been helping through the harvest and picking up a little on the side, performed the nuptials. The bride's costume was a sort of a light gauzy affair and white slippers and stockings to mateh. Of course she wore heavier clothes when they went on their wedding trip. Quite a merry crowd assembled to see them off, and as they didn't have any rice, some of them got to throwing roasting ears. H— was struck under the eye by a large ear and blacked it pretty bad. They drove right to Larned and stayed all night at the hotel, and then took their wedding trip to Kinsley and Dodge City. They have rented the old home place and will be at home next Tuesday. M— expects to take charge of C— & J—'s cook shack the rest of the season.

Regarding Mind

'Twas at the office where he was detained, (This was, it seems, the best plea he could find):

One thing he sought for as homeward he strained—

His peace of mind.

His wife felt that too long had she believed;

Such conduct often breaks the ties that bind;

Her sense of justice jolted, he received Her piece of mind.

—Thomas J. Murray.

Sex Equality

[From the Palo Alto (Iowa) Reporter]

Supt. and Mrs. A. E. Johnson are rejoicing over the coming to their home of

a new daughter. The little son was born Wednesday.

There Are Others

When Katie wed Mr. McGuire

He posed as an ex-Army flier.

We've since found that he

Was a perm'nent K. P.

And a first-class post graduate liar.

—G. I. S.

Maybe So, Maybe So

Easy payments.

Your money cheerfully refunded.

"I get twenty-five miles to the gallon."

In ten easy lessons.

"You can be this Man!"

Power of will.

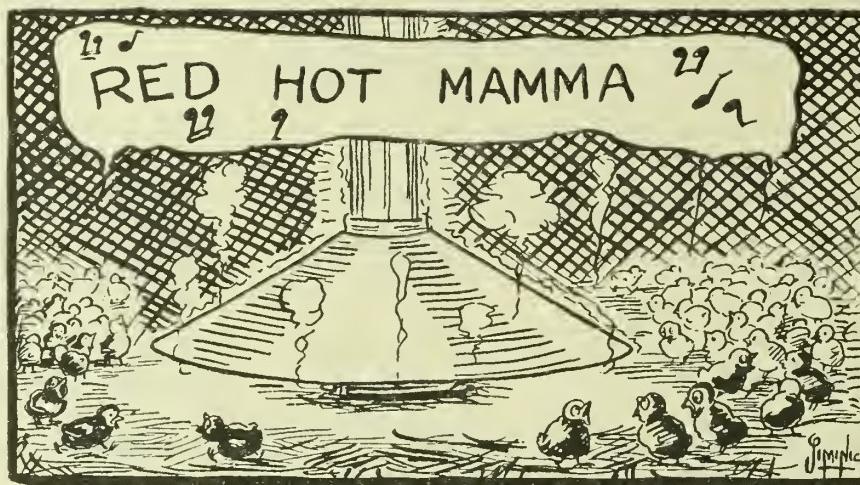
Pre-war stuff.

"And they lived happily ever after."

\$500 a week in your spare time.

"I long for home life," said the movie star.

—Albert Lynch.



HOW IT STARTED

Country School Essays

[These compositions turned in to a teacher by children in a rural school have not been altered.]

HOW AMERICA WAS DISCOVERED

In 1492 Columbus he discovered Indiana which they was some men on it with feathers in their hair and not much clothes. They says they was Indians so Columbus he thought he was there all right and he sailes back and tells the king he was there and the king he says that was very nice and so it belongs to England and that is why we speak English.

THE SQUIRREL AND THE SKUNK

There is a difference between a squirrel and a skunk which is polecat. Skunk he don't ketch no nuts for to eat and hide in his nest. Squirrel he do. Squirrel he don't squirt stinky stuff from his tail on you when you try for to ketch him. Skunk he do. Squirrels and polecats got four legs and a tail only skunks is bigger.

HOW TO BAKE A CAKE

First you put in eggs and sugar and baking powder and flower how much you think you should take. Mix it up good together and put in pan in oven and dont walk on floor or it will fall and dont open door or it will not get done but get cold and dont let it get burn on. If it does get burn ou seraeh it off with bread knife.

A New Profession

[From the New Milford (Conn.) Times]

Mrs. C— W— was awarded the prize ribbon for December in the Storrs home egg laying contest.

Patience Is a Virtue

"Your wife is surely taking on weight."

"Don't see how she does it, staying up till three or four o'clock in the morning."

"Good Heavens! Why does she stay up that late?"

"Waiting for me."

There Are Others

Professor MacTavish FitzBlovis

To the picture shows never will come;

"I don't like the folks in the movies,"

He says, "When they open their mouths

they're dumb."

—F. W.

Bing, Bang, Biff for I. O. U.

A colored woman had caused her recent sweetie to be arraigned on charges of assault.

"And what was the cause of the quarrel that resulted in his striking you?" asked the magistrate.

"Well, yo' Houah, he done wanted me to gib him back all de presents he done promised me, sah."

Loads of Time

The author was angry.

"You never read my last story before I sent it away," he accused his wife.

"T h a t ' s a l l right, dear," she consoled him, "I'll wait till it's returned."

Ambition

The life of the fair defendant had apparently been a happy one. Yet, unfortunately, she had committed murder.

"But why," asked the prosecutor, who was in the way of becoming a nuisance, "did you shoot your husband?"

"Can't you understand?" she demanded, annoyed. "I want to become a writer for the confessional magazines."

Supply and Demand

"I'm sorry, sir," said the doorkeeper to the late comer at a concert, "but if I were to open the door, half the people would rush out."

Pardon Us, Rudyard; Thank Us,

Henry

And does the Rolls-Royce ever stall?

Only the millionaire knew,
But somebody asked the chauffeur,
And he told them true.

When it comes to trouble in cars
They're like as a row of pins.

For the foreign wiz and the gallopin' Liz
Are sisters under their tuis.

—George I. Sullivan.

Amiss Tike

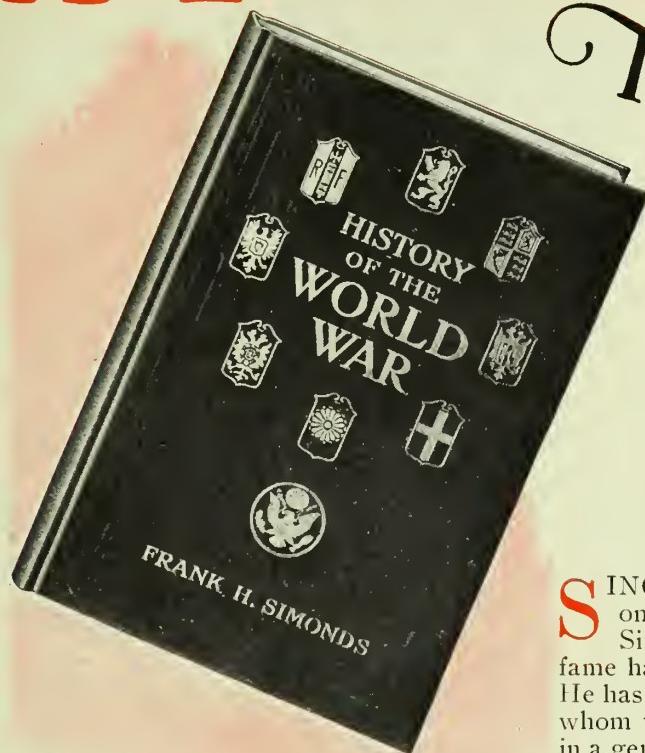
"If the wurst comes to the wurst," muttered the sausage-machine operator, as he linked up the links, "dog gone!"

Hopeless

Devons: "Is Sappe really a lowbrow?"

Parker: "Is he! He thinks dressing for dinner is tucking his napkin around his neck!"

At Last in One Volume!



The Amazing Story of AMERICA'S PARTICIPATION by *Frank H. Simonds*

SINCE the day in July, 1914, when one flaming editorial of Frank Simonds startled New York, his fame has stretched around the world. He has become the one great historian whom the War has developed. Once in a generation there appears one man gifted in writing history, in a way to make it interesting to everyone—to make it vital and compelling. Such is Simonds' History of the World War.

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Everything that America did in the World War has been concentrated in one volume especially prepared for the Legion Book Service by the Review of Reviews Corporation. The History formerly was published in five volumes and sold at \$25.00, but our belief is that Legionnaires are mainly interested in the Final Phase of the War and the complete story of what our own Divisions did. So, by special arrangement, we are able to offer this beautiful one-volume History at less than the cost of publication.

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We want every reader who is interested in the History of the late World War to send for this volume. It is beautifully bound in blue buckram and richly embossed in gold lettering, size 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ x7 $\frac{1}{4}$ and contains over 300 U. S. Official illustrations. Thru a special arrangement the Legion Book Service has made whereby Mr. Simonds is sacrificing his royalties, we are able to offer this book for only \$2.98 plus the postage. Do not send a penny in advance, just clip and mail the coupon and pay the postman on arrival of the book. It is sold with the Legion Book Service's guarantee of money back if not satisfied.

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- Chapter 2. Picardy — The Kaiser's Battle.
- Chapter 3. Flanders — The Battle of Lys.
- Chapter 4. The Chemin des Dames.
- Chapter 5. The Peace Storm — Second Marne.
- Chapter 6. America from Cantigny to St. Mihiel. Second Battle of the Marne.
- Chapter 7. Foch Manoeuvres. The Battle of Amiens. The Battle of Bapaume.
- Chapter 8. St. Mihiel. History of the St. Mihiel Salient.
- Chapter 9. The Battle of the Hindenburg Line. Pershing Opens the Battle.
- Chapter 10. The Meuse-Argonne. The German Defense Systems. The First Phase. Germany's Reserves exhausted. The Final Phase. Germany's Last Defense Broken. The evacuation of Metz.
- Chapter 11. The Armistice.
- Chapter 12. The Other Fronts.

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Will your business be next?

Just a little blaze, starting in an unexpected place, at an unexpected time—then panic, a frantic scramble for exits, all the horror of raging, unchecked holocaust. This is the history of fire—written a million times—screaming at you in the headlines of every newspaper. It takes everything—property as well as life. The result is invariably a catastrophe. Your business is gone, employees out of work, customers forced to your competitors—your work of a lifetime swept away. Half a billion dollars was the price of fire last year. Seventeen thousand lives sacrificed on the altar of carelessness and unpreparedness. Protect your business from fire.

Salesmen Wanted \$300 to \$600 a Month

Can you think of any more noble work than to bring this fire prevention to the people of your city or town—to end forever the sorrow and loss that fire creates? If you agree with us, we have an immediate position for you on our sales force.

HUGE EARNINGS POSSIBLE

With this respected work comes huge earnings. Fyr-Fyter men earn \$300, \$400, \$500—as high as \$1000 a month—and they are deserving of every cent they make.

J. W. Trantum, of Connecticut, with no previous selling experience, has made as much as \$167.25 a week and he is just getting started. T. S. Gill, of Louisiana, is making over \$600 a month. C. E. Hickey, of Welland, Ontario, has made as high as \$148 in a single day—and there are many more men on our sales force who are equaling those big earnings.

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If you are of average ability and have the desire and ambition to make money, we offer you the same opportunity these successful Fyr-Fyter salesmen had. No capital or investment is required. We train you. We equip you to go out and start making money at once—and to build up a steady, permanent business that will yield you an excellent income.

ACT QUICK

We are going to add five hundred men to our National Sales Force at once. If you want to be one of them—if you want to get started in a worthy business where you will have a chance to earn from \$300 to \$1000 a month—ACT QUICK. Fill out and mail the coupon to us immediately for details of our proposition.

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